

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

APRIL

1943





"I'm going your way, Soldier!"

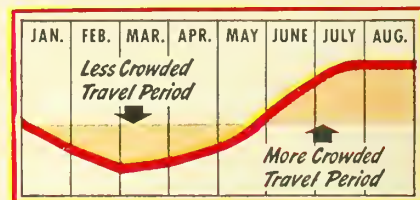
**In uniform or in "civvies" their goal is the same
—and Greyhound speeds the war job of both**

It takes many men in uniform *behind the lines* to keep one soldier fighting at the front. It takes a whole nation working at top-speed to keep all that vast military force fed, clothed, equipped, financially supported.

This whole giant effort requires transportation on a scale never approached in history—especially in the movement of manpower by motor bus, to the tune of three-quarters of a billion passengers in a single year!

Greyhound is proud to carry millions like these—determined to keep its fleet of buses fully in service for America, in spite of severe wartime restrictions. All of you have taken occasional discomfort like good soldiers—responding willingly to Greyhound's suggestions for making the most patriotic use of wartime travel.

Thank you—please keep it up! And when Victory is won, look to Greyhound for brand-new standards of highway travel comfort, convenience, scenic enjoyment.



**TO KEEP WARTIME TRANSPORTATION
SERVING AT TOP EFFICIENCY:**

It is best to plan necessary trips for the less-crowded Spring months—and mid-week days. If possible, avoid travel in the crowded midsummer months, on week-ends, and on holidays.

GREYHOUND



**THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH
WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES
MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER
18 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!**

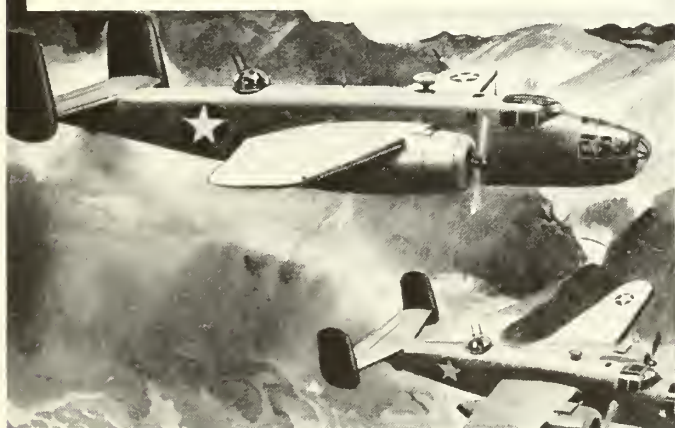


Right you are, Captain!

Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nation-wide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.



An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember—all rubber is precious. Ameripol is not yet available for civilian tires.

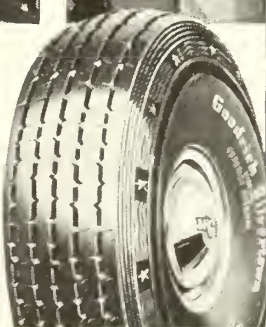


After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. We promise you "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."



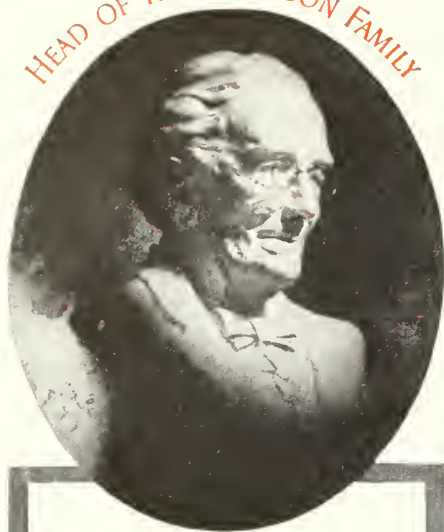
**A few of the many companies that bought
Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:**

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . THE TEXAS CO. . . . U.S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast.



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



IT'S AN ILLUSTRIOUS family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably,

ONE TASTE WILL
TELL YOU WHY

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.



BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

April, 1943



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The Message Center

LEGIONNAIRE HERB STOOPS'S cover design pays tribute to the gallant work being done by the allied forces under MacArthur which cleaned up the Buna-Gona area of New Guinea. As these lines were written the Allies were smashing at Japanese-held Salamaua and Lae on that sprawling island which, once it is cleared of the Japs will insure Australia against invasion and provide an effective springboard for offensive action toward the Philippines and Japan's home plate.

NEXT to mail from home the American forces fighting overseas enjoy most, cigarettes and playing cards, in that order. The Forty and Eight has sent hundreds of thousands of packs of playing cards, and Legion Posts have sent tremendous quantities of cigarettes. It is to be hoped that these efforts in behalf of our boys scattered throughout the far places of the globe will be increased, since the size of the contingents operating far from the continental U. S. A. is being increased weekly.

BY A recent Washington compilation 150 Congressmen and twenty-eight Senators of the 78th Congress belong to The American Legion. Only three States are without Legion representation in the Lower House—Arizona, Delaware and Nebraska—and all of these have Legion members in the Upper House, Arizona's Senators being both
(Continued on page 51)

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN BY HERBERT M. STOOPS	
WITH INFANTRY SUPPORT BY ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT <i>Illustrated by Hamilton Greene</i>	4
GERMANY BEHIND PILLBOXES BY WYTHIE WILLIAMS AND WILLIAM VAN NARVIG <i>Illustrated by William Heaslip</i>	6
GET YOURSELF A GARDEN BY CLAUDE R. WICKARD <i>Illustrated by S. T. Smith</i>	8
GYRENE'S COMPANION BY IRVING CRUMP <i>Illustrated by Frank Godwin</i>	10
SHIPS FOR THE SHOWDOWN BY HARRY BOTSFORD	12
BRITAIN HAS A LEGION, TOO BY CLARENCE WOODBURY	14
WATCHED TREES DON'T BURN BY STEWART HOLBROOK	16
A LITTLE TOUCH OF HOME BY BOYD B. STUTLER	18
ENTRY PORTS TOWARD VICTORY BY JOHN J. NOLL	22
APRIL FOOLS BY WALLGREN	26
EDITORIAL	52

IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 47.

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A CHANGING WORLD FOR THE HARD OF HEARING

**DEAFENED
RESUME NORMAL
ACTIVITIES WITH
MAICO HEARING
INSTRUMENTS**



Men and women once faced with a life-time hearing "Black-Out" are today returning to a world of living sound, thanks to latest developments of the midgest Maico Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid.

Hard of hearing Legionnaires find that *exceptional* benefits are offered by this tiny instrument. Though small enough to tuck in a man's vest-pocket or nestle inside a woman's dress, the easy-to-wear Maico permits even the seriously deafened to hear normal sounds and voices easily.

Normal sound-level is *always* maintained by an instantaneous automatic volume control which amplifies faint sounds yet subdues harsh, loud noises.

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Every hard of hearing Legionnaire should investigate this Maico offer today for himself or some deafened friend or relative. Test a Maico, personally fitted to your individual hearing-loss. No obligation. Just send in the coupon.

90% of all the precision hearing test instruments used in America are supplied by Maico. U. S. Army and Navy, major commercial airlines, universities, hospitals, clinics and ear physicians. All of these use Maico Audiometers for testing hearing.



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- ☐ Send me Free Booklet, "Background of Hearing."
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With Infantry Support

By ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT



CAPTAIN JOHN PORTER heard the shell scream right overhead. His stomach muscles knotted as he ducked, but the jeep's low sides gave him no sense of protection and then a blast of sound exploded fear, awareness itself, into oblivion.

Sand and small stones still pelted him, a stinging hail, as the whirring spiral within Porter's skull slowed. He knew, somehow, that the jeep had lurched sickeningly and stopped. He knew he was alive and probably unhurt but for a moment longer he could neither open his eyes nor relax his taut crouch. "That," someone drawled, the voice dull in Por-

ter's blast-deafened ears, "was rather a near thing."

"Yeah," responded Corporal Thomas, up front. "Near, but not near enough to hurt."

The Press Association man alongside Porter chuckled. "It seems to have blanked out your captain."

"Well, wadda yuh expect uv a retreat?"

The non-com's tone held the half-pity, half-contempt youth has for senility and Porter's wrath was hot as the Tunisian sun. It brought him upright, furious words on his lips. He didn't say them. Whatever he said, they'd still keep on

calling him a retreat. This was *their* war, these youngsters. The one in which he'd fought when he was their age was ancient history to them.

"All right, Corporal," he said, low-toned. "Let's get going."

"Yes, sir." Thomas mopped sand from the sweating back of his neck, jerked at gear levers. Another explosion thudded somewhere the other side of the barren, baked and weirdly gray phosphate hill that rose sharply on the left of the desert trail. Porter's seatmate grinned, teeth white in the dark leather of his face. "You didn't expect to run into any fireworks this trip, did you, Captain?"

There was sly taunt in the drawling voice, the heavy-lidded eyes. "No." The fellow was right. If danger had been anticipated along the route, Porter would



John Porter's hand was back, in the easy swing it recalled out of the mists of twenty-six years, when . . .

expressionless, "and let me take care of mine."

He turned, started to move off. Porter put his hand on the rim of the car side and the hot metal seared his palm. "Mr. Moseby," he called, only a little more loudly, as he clambered down. The correspondent turned. "You will remain here until I signal that you may join me." The officer plodded past Moseby, not looking to see if he were obeyed, sure he would be.

The slope was steeper than it had looked. The gray earth crumbled and ran away under Porter's boots, and his legs' sinews ached. Acrid dust caked his face, stung his nostrils, stung the back of his parched throat. Somewhere a thrum began, vibrant, menacing.

Captain Porter stopped, looked up along the hillside into the sky's brassy glare. The plane was a miniature black silhouette but he could make out slim

Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE

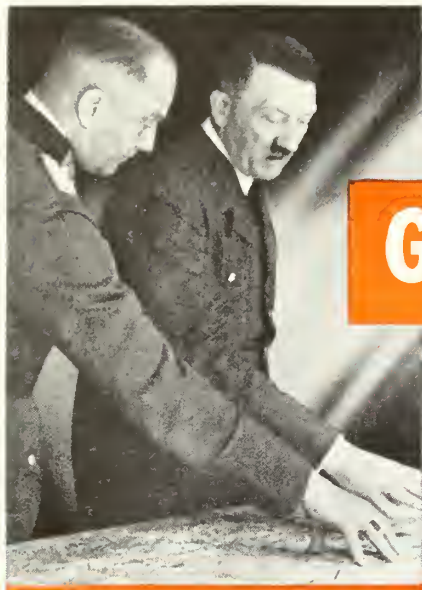
wings, their rear edges tapering to square-cut tips, a long, sharp nose, a narrow, rectangular rudder. It was a JU-87. A Stuka. "Didn't know they had any on this front," Porter said aloud, and then he was aware it was diving, almost vertically, straight for him.

The realization held him rigid. A gun coughed, other side the hill. Another. Dirty cotton-bolls blossomed in the sky. A machine gun chattered and tracers made a silver, lancing pattern around the dive-bomber. He saw now that its hawk's swoop was aimed below the hill's crest. Not he but someone still unseen beyond there was its prey.

The plane lurched, feathered out a white plume of smoke. Its dive flattened, was no longer a dive. Wounded, it staggered across the sky, desperately fighting

(Continued on page 32)





JODL and HITLER

ADOLF HITLER still confidently expects to win his global war. His Nazi Party is sure of eventual victory, provided it can keep a firm grip on the German people. The German military, led by Colonel General Alfred Jodl, believe that they can last out a long war if the Nazi Party supplies all the facilities that it has undertaken to deliver. And the majority of the German people, though grumbling at many things, still accepts the promises of their political and military leaders.

These definite conclusions result from a study of factual reports from reliable anti-Nazi sources within the German Reich and its subject territories.

To Americans such confidence may seem incredible. We have mobilized a tremendous industrial power against the Axis. We have thrown into this fight vast amounts of money compared with which the financial resources of our enemies appear insignificant. Statistics show us that the man-power resources of the United Nations are far greater than those of the Axis. We know that our superior sea and air forces have formed a steel ring around what the Nazis now call "the Fortress Europe." Our leaders, meeting at Casablanca, have issued the demand for unconditional surrender. In the face of all these odds—so it appears to us—the Germans, from Hitler down to the last soldier, should have sense enough to know that they can't win. Yet, for the present and the near future at least, this definitely is not the case.

The only important modification in the original Nazi war pattern is that Hitler and the German people are no longer confident of a *quick* victory. Today the Supreme Command aims at emerging on top after a grim war of attrition that may run into years. All its current plans are predicated on this conception.

The Nazi plan for winning the war by going on the defensive, except for U-boats

Germany Behind Pillboxes

By **WYTHE WILLIAMS** and **WILLIAM VAN NARVIG**

This change-over from blitz to attrition strategy was dictated by the miscarriage of German campaign plans in Russia at a time when the Wehrmacht was still at the peak of its power.

It is not generally known, even in usually well-informed German circles, that the attack on Russia was preceded by a bitter controversy between Colonel General Franz Halder, Chief of the General Staff, and Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Chief of the Supreme Command. The eventual result of this controversy was the rise of General Jodl as chief arbiter of strategy.



GENERAL VON HALDER

General Halder, relying on information provided by his officers attached to the Reich Embassy in Moscow, called for a quick occupation of the Baltic shore and feinting thrusts in the direction of Smolensk, while the massive panzer and mechanized strength of the Wehrmacht was to roll across the open fields of the Ukraine and converge in the rear of Moscow's defense system. For the carrying out of this plan he presented a timetable of four months.

This scheme was opposed by Field Marshal Keitel who relied on information procured by Heinrich Himmler's Gestapo agents and demanded a fast frontal attack on Moscow that would lead to a quick collapse of the Soviet

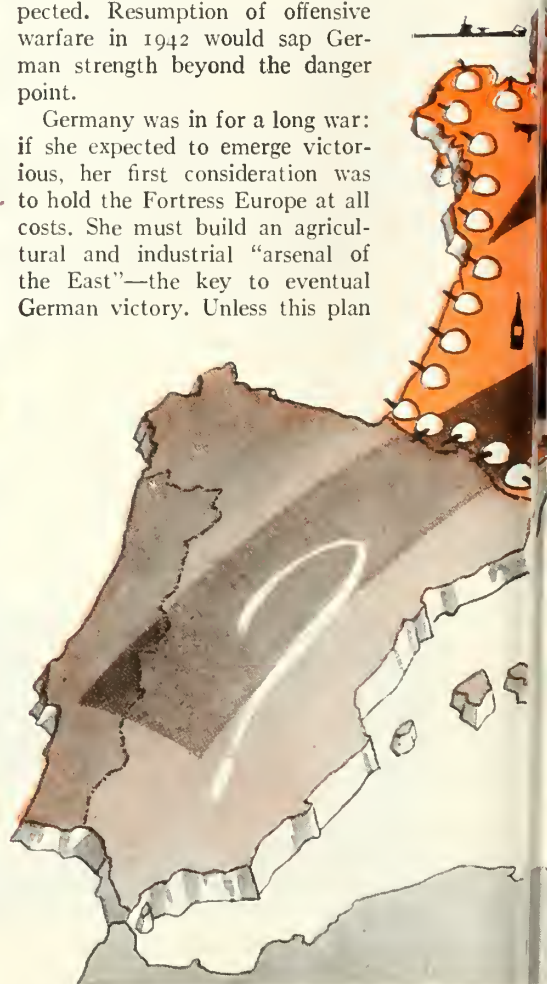
system. Keitel produced a time-table of six weeks from the Russian border to the walls of Moscow. The audacity of this proposal appealed to Hitler and it was adopted.

The failure of Keitel's plan is history. It led to Hitler's ordering the great November offensive on Moscow which was halted by the untimely arrival of the coldest winter in the memory of living man. The Wehrmacht found itself in a desperate jam.

In this dilemma, Halder, this time seconded by General Jodl, came forward with a new proposal involving a complete departure from all previous strategy and which, with certain alterations, has become the keystone of Nazi warfare.

A collapse of the Soviet Government, after it had weathered the first storm. Halder argued, could no longer be expected. Resumption of offensive warfare in 1942 would sap German strength beyond the danger point.

Germany was in for a long war: if she expected to emerge victorious, her first consideration was to hold the Fortress Europe at all costs. She must build an agricultural and industrial "arsenal of the East"—the key to eventual German victory. Unless this plan



was carried out, Halder predicted disaster.

Hitler accepted the new plan, with the provision that the Nazi Party control the eastern food supply so as to insure its grip on both the army and the people.

Accordingly, the territories designated as the Arsenal of the East were placed under Nazi civil control. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and White Russia were lumped into the colony of Ostland. To the south, the colony of Ukraine was called into being. To the east, a protective cordon of territory under direct military administration, including the permanent East Wall fortifications was laid out.

The organization of the two new colonies was only the first step in carrying out the Halder plan. The second was to persuade, or compel, the conquered and satellite nations of Europe to participate fully in the defense of the Fortress (Continued on page 28)

Illustrated Map by
WILLIAM HEASLIP



ERICH KOCH

HEINRICH LOHSE

Get Yourself a Garden

By **CLAUDE R. WICKARD**

Secretary of Agriculture

18 million Victory Gardens is the goal for 1943, two-thirds of these under the care of those who normally raise no food. Mr. Wickard's words are addressed to these people. We hope you're one of them

Illustrated by S. T. SMITH

THROUGHOUT the nation, those who live in cities and suburban areas, as well as those on farms, can get into the food production program this spring and help win the war by growing Victory Gardens.

The goal has been set at 18 million gardens—enough to make a substantial addition to our total food supply.

The need for the food from Victory Gardens is clear. Our armed forces are fighting on fronts in all parts of the world. Tremendous stockpiles of food are required to support their new and growing offensive operations and to add to the strength of our fighting allies. On the home front civilians are working harder and longer hours to turn out the equipment of war. They require more food than under normal conditions. Everything we can do to increase the nation's supply of good, nutritious food is another step toward winning the war and assurance that all in the military services and at home will be better fed in 1943.

While food production has increased tremendously, requirements also have increased to an even greater extent. This year we can't produce too much. We need all that farmers and truck growers can possibly turn out, and we need to supplement their output with that of Victory Gardens.

Citizens who grow and preserve their own supplies of vegetables help relieve the drain on commercial stocks of food, and at the same time make sure of a home supply of the kinds of food that put vitamins and minerals in their daily diets. They are saving vital metals used for canning, while supplementing supplies of canned food available under rationing.

Victory Gardens also have a part in easing the loads on our already burdened transportation systems by cutting down on the amount of food that must be shipped to each community.

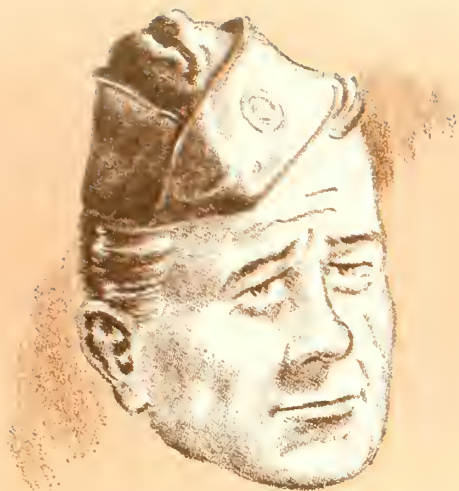
We expect all of the nation's six million farms to have good gardens, of course. That means gardens large enough to provide vegetables for home use, enough for a canned supply for the entire family, and, where possible, additional supplies for markets in nearby cities. That is an important part of the Victory Garden drive.

Another part of the drive is being carried out by the city and suburban gardeners, whom we are asking to grow at least twelve million Victory Gardens.

Every city and suburban family with a suitable plot of sunny, fertile ground can make an important contribution to its own supply of fresh vegetables and help out in the national food program by joining the drive and carrying a garden through to a successful finish.

All that's needed for a Victory Garden is an open, sunny space, 30 by 50 feet or even smaller, with fertile soil, plus reasonable assurance of enough spare time in which to take care of its cultivation. Supplies of seeds, while not sufficiently abundant to permit any waste, will take care of general needs, and a special Victory Garden (*Continued on page 42*)





Bill never did like big talk...

FOURTH of July orators made him squirm. Election-day speakers made him mad. He hated big words and fancy talk.

Nobody had to sell the war to Bill. He saw his duty and left a good paying job to go and do it.

If you were to ask Bill today to set down in writing the things he is fighting for, he probably wouldn't talk about great concepts like the Four Freedoms, or free enterprise, or the dignity of man.

He'd say simply: "I am fighting for my home and my wife and the kids I hope we'll have some day. I am fighting for my right to sit in a sunlit picnic grove with my family... my right to criticise, over a coke or a highball, the Brooklyn Dodgers or the men in Wash-

ington...the privilege of watching my son grow in the image of me and my wife instead of some dictator."

These are a few of the thousands of "little freedoms" that add up to the American way of life—and that essentially is what Bill is fighting for. He'll do his job and we folks back home must get on with our job. There is much to do and not much time to be wasted talking about it. In the column on the right we are printing a check list to serve as a reminder of the jobs that have to be done by us at home.



We at National Distillers don't like big talk any more than Bill does. We wish to state simply that we, like the rest of the distilling industry, are devoting our entire production facilities 100% to war alcohol—used for munitions, rubber, medicines and many other essential war needs, and are producing no whiskey today.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

These famous bottled-in-bond 100 proof whiskies are offered from stocks distilled years before Pearl Harbor

OLD GRAND-DAD • OLD TAYLOR • OLD CROW • MOUNT VERNON • OLD OVERHOLT

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON

BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

*This list will
help you decide—*

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP WIN THE WAR?

- I regularly buy War Stamps and Bonds—at least 10% of my income.
- I pay my taxes on time and in full.
- I avoid unnecessary expenditures in order to help prevent inflation.
- I cheerfully observe all rationing regulations and do not hoard.
- I budget my ration points carefully and don't waste food.
- I am planting a Victory garden.
- I work where I can do the most good for the war effort.
- I get to work on time and am never unavoidably absent.
- I do my best to stay healthy.
- I do my best to avoid accidents, especially if I work in a war plant.
- I watch what I say and spread no rumors.
- I conserve tires and gasoline.
- I share my car with others.
- I travel only when absolutely necessary.
- I carry my own bundles when shopping to save manpower, gas and tires.
- I contribute to the Red Cross and all War Relief funds.
- I save and turn in scrap metal, used cooking fats and other needed materials.
- I do Civilian Defense work.
- I work with the Red Cross or other volunteer groups.
- I am a regular blood donor.
- I volunteer for Nurse's Aide work.
- I do community social service work.
- I am prepared to quietly cooperate with the F.B.I. in apprehending suspicious persons.
- I contribute books to the men in the service.
- I write to friends and relatives in the service.
- I observe dimout and blackout regulations to the letter.

This list, of course, is not complete. Every man, woman and child will find many other ways to help. Check this list with your neighbors and find out what they are doing. But get going! Do all you can! And do it now! Consult your local Civilian Defense Council for further information.

Gyrene's Companion

By IRVING CRUMP



"I had a bead on him and dropped him before he could fire the pistol"

A United States Marine and his rifle should never be parted. When they are, the Corps refers to the human section of the team as "only half a Marine." Guadalcanal provided the pay-off

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Wallace E. Wynn, of Thomasville, North Carolina knows now, if he did not know before his Guadalcanal adventure, what his Marine rifle instructor meant when he told his class in "boot" camp that a Leatherneck takes care of his rifle as he would take care of his wife. Private Wynn owes his life to his rifle as does many another Marine in the Solomons. Assigned to an outpost on a hill in advance of the front lines, Wynn with members of his platoon went out to relieve the men on watch there just at dusk.

During the change of watch Japs filtering through the surrounding jungle worked in between the outpost and the front line position in force and suddenly began to close in to wipe out the post. The Marines were greatly outnumbered and though they sent up flares for assistance the main American forces were too far away to get help to them, and meanwhile the Japs were closing in with bayonets. Packs of them like so many jackals came storming up the hill.

"We killed a lot of them with our rifles," said Wynn, at the medical station three weeks later, where he was being treated for wounds and exhaustion. "But there were too many for just rifle fire to stop. They began to swarm into our fox holes, bayoneting my pals. There were three of us in my hole and we were just lucky enough not to be in the path of that first wave of slant-eyed devils as they came swarming over. We killed a lot of them by keeping up a steady fire, but pretty soon it began to look as if we three were the only ones left of the whole platoon and we knew that pretty soon we would be finished too. There seemed to be only one way to escape and we took it. Sticking together, we slid out of the fox hole into the jungle and it was so dark then that we succeeded in eluding the Japs. But they

knew we had slipped away and began to hunt for us, and a little while later the moon came up and that made things very tough for three lonely Leathernecks.

"We stuck together and kept crawling through the underbrush, hoping to get around the Japs and back to our own lines. In the moonlight I saw two Japs coming through the bushes. I hid behind a log and remained quiet. The Nips got so close I could hear them mumbling to each other. Then one reached down and touched me and I went cold with fright. But I guess I held myself so stiff he thought I was dead because he stepped over the log and went on.

"About that time our batteries several miles away began to open up on the top of that hill. They knew the Japs were up there and they were trying to clean them out. I just hugged the ground and hoped I wouldn't stop a piece of shrapnel. Those shells were screaming and bursting about me all night long. It was daylight when I finally dared to raise my head and as I did so I saw two other heads coming up out of the bushes. They were my buddies.

"But the woods were still full of Japs and we decided we'd better stay right where we were until things looked safer. From where we lay we could see those yellow rats going over the bodies of the men they had killed. They were working their way in our direction too. One was getting terribly close and I whispered to my pals that we'd have to get him or he would find us. They agreed, so I raised my rifle, took quick aim and shot him through the head.

"That shot brought other Japs on the run and we knew we'd have to clear out of there. We did. But we had to run in the wrong direction, toward the Jap lines. We burst through a screen of bushes and surprised six Japs. Three of them ran for safety, but the other three turned on us with bayonets. It was a

tough fight, because we had left our packs and bayonets behind to make running easier. One Jap lunged at me and luckily I turned my body. His bayonet got me in the chest but not deep enough to puncture my lung. I shot him dead before he could make another stab at me. One of my pals had been killed and the other was running with two Japs after him, and he, poor guy, had dropped that precious item, his rifle. He was defenseless.

"I shot one of the Japs but the other got my buddy through the back with his bayonet. As that dirty brown devil stood there gloating over his victim, I shot him too. Then I went over to see my pal. He had gotten his right through the backbone. It made me sick and I felt worse when I realized I was alone there in a jungle filled with Japs—just me and my rifle against every Jap on Guadalcanal. I didn't like that at all. I wanted to get back to our lines as soon as possible. I never guessed it would take me nearly two weeks to do it.

"What a nightmare things became after that. I had gotten all turned around in the jungle. I had only a vague idea of where our lines were and I knew there were a lot of Japs between me and safety. I ran into a bunch unexpectedly; a dozen or more I guess, when suddenly I came out into a jungle clearing. They had a hut there and were all sitting around a table eating. We saw one another at about the same time and I don't know which was more surprised. I had presence of mind enough to turn and wave my hand toward the jungle yelling, 'Come on, boys! Let's get 'em.' The Japs thought I was calling a patrol and they broke and ran for the woods. I ducked back to cover and when they saw they weren't followed they got brave enough to come after me. I had a tough time. It was me and my rifle against them in a kind of an Indian fight, from

tree to tree. I killed a lot of them. Every time I saw a head I fired a shot and I didn't miss often.

"All the time of course I was beating a retreat and trying to shake those Japs. I eluded all but one. He was a bad actor. I just couldn't shake him. I heard him beating about in the bushes, but I couldn't get a shot at him. Finally I sneaked around and got behind him and when he crossed an opening I saw him. He had his rifle slung by the sling across his shoulders and he had a pistol in his hand. I took a shot at him and missed. I realized then I was getting a little weak. The shot stopped him in his tracks and he looked around yelling something in Jap lingo. Then I stood up to get a better shot and he knew it wasn't any of his pals who had made the mistake of shooting at him as he evidently had thought at first. He whipped up his pistol but I had a bead on him then and dropped him before he could fire.

"I was getting much weaker, mostly from lack of food. In a swamp I shot some kind of a long-legged wild fowl and ate that raw. It wasn't so bad. It rained every night and I got water to drink by finding rotten logs and squeezing the water out of the pulpy wood as you'd squeeze a sponge. I found some cane that tasted like cabbage and didn't make me sick. But for all that I

was getting weaker and a little flighty at times. I thought I saw Japs when I didn't.

"I got a funny idea that the hole in my chest where the bayonet went in whistled every time I breathed, and that alarmed me. It was foolish, of course. The wound wasn't as bad as that, but it did hurt me quite a lot sometimes. My rifle got terribly heavy but I wouldn't throw it away. It had saved my life too many times to part with it. Every time I laid down to sleep I put my rifle pointing in the direction I wanted to go, just in case I was too delirious to know which direction I should take when I woke up. I was trying to work around in a wide circle to outflank the Japs and get back to our lines.

"Occasionally I climbed trees to get my bearings. One day, after what seemed like weeks, I saw a bunch of men beating the bushes. I thought they were Japs looking for me and I drew a bead on one. But just as I was going to press the trigger he stood up and took off his helmet and I saw he had blond hair. They were Americans. I tried to yell but it wasn't much of a yip. It was enough however to identify myself and the boys came and got me and carried me in. I had been in the jungle just two weeks and I had lost 50 pounds. But I still had my rifle."

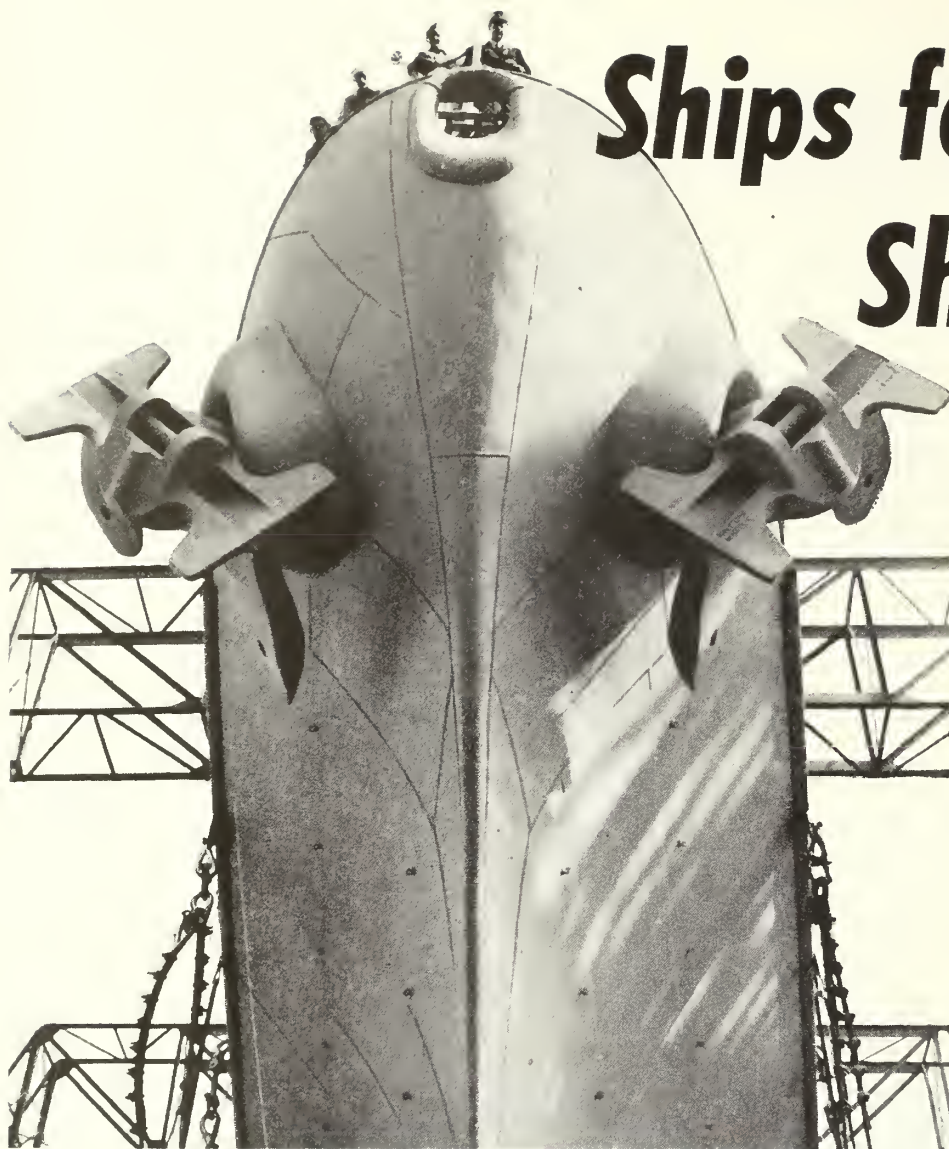
That affinity of the Marine for his rifle has been bad medicine for the Japs. These unerring rifles toppled hundreds of Jap snipers from the palm trees of Tulagi and Guadalcanal and built epics of marksmanship ranging from the story of the Marine who killed thirty-seven Japs while they were trying to get another Marine out of a disabled tank, to the tale of Platoon Sergeant Harry Tulley of Hastings, Nebraska, who for two days and two nights operated as a lone wolf, surpassing the enemy in cunningness as he picked off Japs who swam to the beach from other islands. He lost track of how many he killed. Once he watched a log coming in on the tide, keeping his eyes on it for more than half an hour. Finally it was beached and a Jap cautiously poked his head up behind it only to get the ready bullet of the waiting Sergeant Tulley right in the forehead.

The Germans, who certainly ought to know about the Gyrenes' prowess, after the Belleau Wood experience, evidently forgot to wise up the Japs, who learned the hard way in the Solomons. At one attempt to cross a river only a handful out of 2,000 Japs who made the effort to gain the far bank lived to tell of the encounter, and those who survived never did get across.

The story of the exploits of Barney Ross, former professional prizefighter
(Continued on page 40)



He fooled the Japs by shouting, "Come on, boys! Let's get 'em!" They broke and ran for the woods



U. S. Navy Photo

"Let them come on!" says the Iowa, our newest and mightiest battlegewagon. She can take it, and dish it out too

Ships for the Showdown

By HARRY BOTSFORD

American shipyards turned out eight million deadweight tons of shipping in 1942 for an all-time high. The goal for this year is twice that, and it will be needed to offset losses by submarine action, as more men and material are sent overseas to fashion the knockout

Consider the setting and it isn't difficult to see that the shipbuilding industry has accomplished what looked to be impossible. For over a decade and a half, shipbuilders and shipbuilding were among our forgotten men and industries, a leading shipbuilder pointed out just the other day. A few years ago employment was around 25,000. It was a sick and ailing industry and no one gave a two-penny damn what happened to it—outside the industry itself. Looking back and down from the production heights of today it seems incredible that an industry which has proved so vital to the very existence of the nation should have been allowed practically to disappear following the first World War. Shipbuilding had almost ceased entirely on the Pacific and Gulf Coasts.

Today we have 77 shipyards and employment that may reach well above a million in 1943, according to recent predictions. We are monthly breaking world's records for deadweight tonnage of merchant ships produced, and the end isn't in sight.

How did all this happen? Legislative enactment and presidential directives started the ball rolling back in 1937 and carried it progressively through to the present time—orders and authorization for merchant marine ships, for Navy craft in a wide assortment—most of them to be built in the privately owned shipyards of the United States. The outbreak of the war in Europe saw American shipyards engaged on the construction of 50 merchant ships a year for 10 years.

Never was there a more fortunate circumstance. That program was a life saver for the industry—for the democracies of the world! It gave the ship-

THE citizens of South Bend, Indiana, or Davenport, Iowa, and other points, may have believed that rubber came from Akron, coffee from the chain store and gasoline from the corner filling station. I doubt it, however. We do know this: ships didn't mean much in the lives or the thoughts of the average American a year ago. An ex-housepainter in Berlin knew they were important and so did a fat-headed individual in Rome who fancied himself a dictator. A scrawny gent in Tokyo knew a lot about ships and their importance. They weren't thinking entirely in terms of coffee and gasoline and rubber, either!

The members of the three-wheeled Axis still manifest a great and growing respect for ships. America, even inland America, too, is acutely aware of the part that ships now play in our national economy, in the defense of our nation and in the successful prosecution of the war. American troops are swarming over certain sectors of Africa, a sensational and dramatic landing in force that could not have been possible without ships and plenty of them. A million and a

half members of our armed forces have been safely transported to as many as sixty bases and islands, most of which are far distant from these shores, a miracle of transportation made possible only by ships.

Where did all the ships come from—the merchant marine, transports, cargo ships, tankers? And a growing and powerful force of Navy ships—battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers, submarines, mine sweepers, river gunboats, submarine tenders, repair ships, oilers, destroyer tenders, large and small seaplane tenders, oceangoing tugs, harbor tugs, net tenders, hospital ships, tank lighters, landing barges for men, tanks and supplies—ships of every purpose of a nation at war and ready to swap blows with all comers?

Was it a miracle that produced these craft? If we dig behind the scene, we shall discover the story of one of the greatest industrial revivals in history, the swift streamlining and modernization of the American shipbuilding industry, a record the world has never matched and a record that is headed for new and vital heights.



U. S. Maritime Commission Photos

Come hell or high water these key men on a convoy vessel will carry on

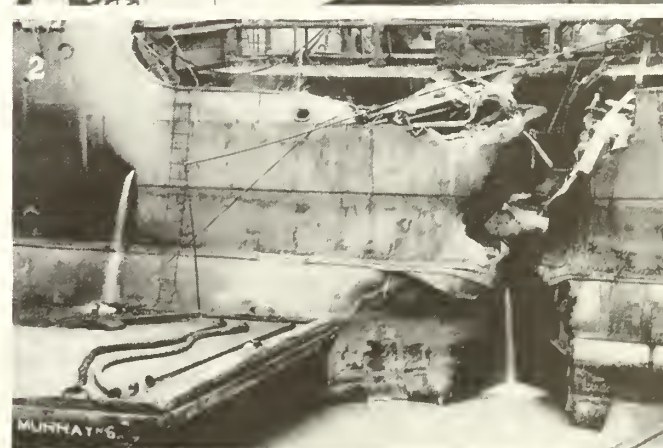
builders three things essential for an expansion program: an administrative staff with plenty of know-how, a technical staff that knew the modern technique of shipbuilding and the nucleus of an experienced mechanical staff.

And there you have the picture of what America really had in the bank in the way of shipbuilding facilities at the start of the greatest expansion program the world has ever known.

Now, building ships isn't child's play. It calls for over thirty skilled trades, for example. *Ships are the most complex structures ever conceived by man.* For one type of ship, approximately 2,000 detailed plans are necessary—a full acre of blueprints before a wheel is turned or a plate welded! To prepare these plans takes from a half million to a cold million man hours. Parts and accessories must be bought from something like 250 manufacturers or vendors, involving about 30,000 items.

Ships can be built by production line methods only to a limited degree. But standardization of design in certain types of ships is desirable and makes possible the application of some mass production methods in making many of the component parts of a ship. Simplification of design has helped to speed up production. About two-thirds of the present merchant shipbuilding program is composed of Liberty Ships on which this standardization has been applied.

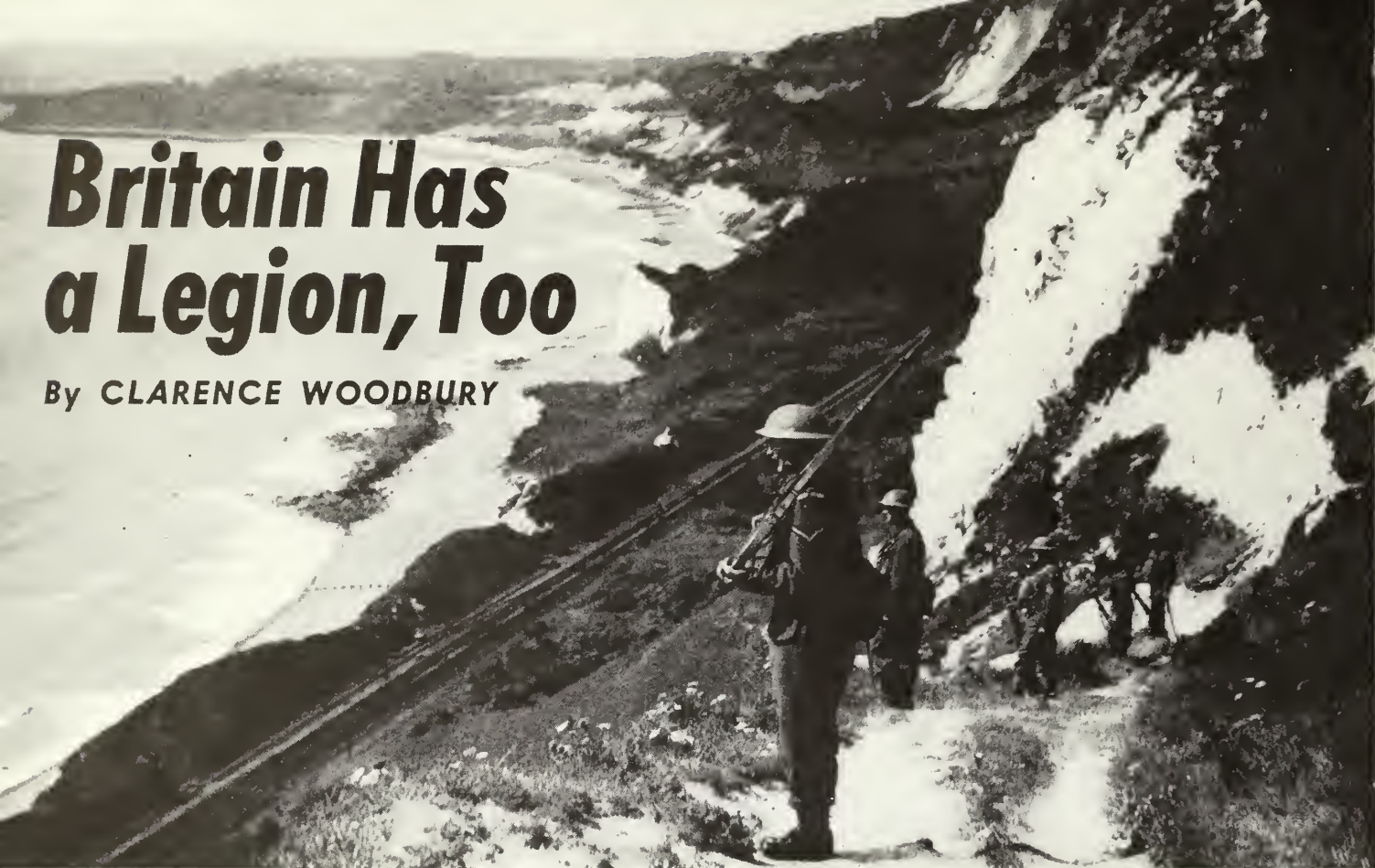
The record of production for 1942 was a splendid tribute to the teamwork between Government, industry and labor. (Continued on page 30)



1. 42 tons of forward deck house is swung for welding onto a knife-like hull.
2. The jagged gash extended far below her waterline, but this sturdy merchantman made port and is back in service again.
3. Close-up of a Liberty ship in a convoy on the perilous overseas run

Britain Has a Legion, Too

By CLARENCE WOODBURY



Veterans of World War One on guard before the White Cliffs of Dover

The First World War Veterans of the Tight Little Isle Are Doing a Grand Job

NOT long ago, in the dining car of a train bound from Liverpool to London, a young American soldier ordered a meal which cost twelve shillings. He had just arrived in England, was pretty foggy about the kinship between dollars and shillings. After packing the meal away, he discovered to his dismay that twelve shillings meant \$2.40 in American money and that the \$1.50 in his pocket wouldn't pay for it.

The boy gaped at the waiter in consternation and an international crisis might have arisen then and there had not the man sitting across the table from him quietly picked up the check and paid it. The American boy stammered his thanks, but the stranger told him to think nothing of it.

"It's okay, son," he said, touching a British Legion button in his lapel. "I used to know your daddy."

That incident, trifling in itself, is having thousands of parallels every day in wartime Britain. It is but one example of the kind of hospitality which is being shown our fighting men everywhere in Britain by British Legionnaires, both as individuals and as groups—a hospitality which is going far toward cementing Anglo-American friendship. Yet this hospitality to our armed forces is but one phase of a far broader program

through which our Legion comrades overseas are pounding away at Hitler day after day.

While The American Legion is just beginning to throw its weight into the war effort, the British Legion has been at it for three and a half years. In many places the regimentation of manpower has decimated its ranks, in others its clubs and local headquarters have been blitzed out of existence, but never before has it been as potent a national force as it is today.

The active membership of slightly more than 500,000 is not as great as it once was, simply because so many of its members are back in the armed services; it isn't giving as many entertainments and socials as it used to; it isn't even being mentioned in the newspapers so frequently as it was during the years of peace, but the British Legion is justifying its existence 365 days a year by driving doggedly ahead on many different fronts—military, industrial, benevolent—with but one aim in view: victory for the United Nations.

Upon my arrival in England a few weeks ago, I visited the National Headquarters of the Legion at Richmond, a suburb of London, and interviewed a number of its national officers. I was shown through the big poppy factory where hundreds of disabled veterans of

the last war are given year-'round employment.

Sometime later, I visited the British Legion Village, near Maidstone, where tubercular ex-servicemen live and work under ideal conditions. I talked with dozens of Legionnaires—old-timers and downy-cheeked veterans of the present war who have just joined up. I was



Disabled men make 40 million poppies a year

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



Actor Terry Conlin, who learned it the hard way last time, mans a light machine gun in the home guard



John Borrowman, architect and veteran of Lovat's Scouts, draws a bead on the "enemy" from behind sandbag

very much impressed by what I saw and what I heard.

It was not until I made a trip to Dover, however, and saw a typical British Legion Branch in action—they call them Branches instead of Posts—that I really began to have an inkling of what the war has done to the British Legion and what the British Legion is doing about the war. By visiting this one Branch at England's "Shellfire Corner" I was able to understand what was happening in the 4,000 other Branches scattered throughout the British Isles.

A cold mist was falling when I stepped off the train at Dover and it was very much like stepping back twenty-five years and returning to a front line town of 1918. The sky was gray and speckled with fat captive balloons. All around lay a scene of destruction wrought by heavy guns and heavy bombs. To make the illusion more complete, an "alert" had sounded a few minutes before and khaki-clad gun crews were standing by their batteries ready to fire at a moment's notice.

A doughty, gray-haired little man wearing a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella met me on the station platform. He was Captain W. S. Cole, Chairman of the Dover Branch of the British Legion.

"So you want to see what the Legion is doing in Dover," he said. "Come along and I'll show you."

"But isn't there an alert on?" I asked. "There's an alert nearly every day in Dover," he said, shrugging. "We don't pay any attention to them any more unless stuff starts falling."

Captain Cole talked volubly and pointed frequently with his umbrella as he led me through the streets of the battered town. He had plenty to talk about and plenty to show me.

"Here is where our headquarters used to be," he said, indicating a pile of

broken rubble, and, a little later: "Over there is where Charlie Bufford was knocked off his bike by a 14-inch and blinded for life. . . . Yonder is where another one of our chaps on ARP duty, Dusty Miller, was killed by an H. E. bomb. . . . Here is where Bill Gray was hit while getting two old ladies out of a cellar. . . ."

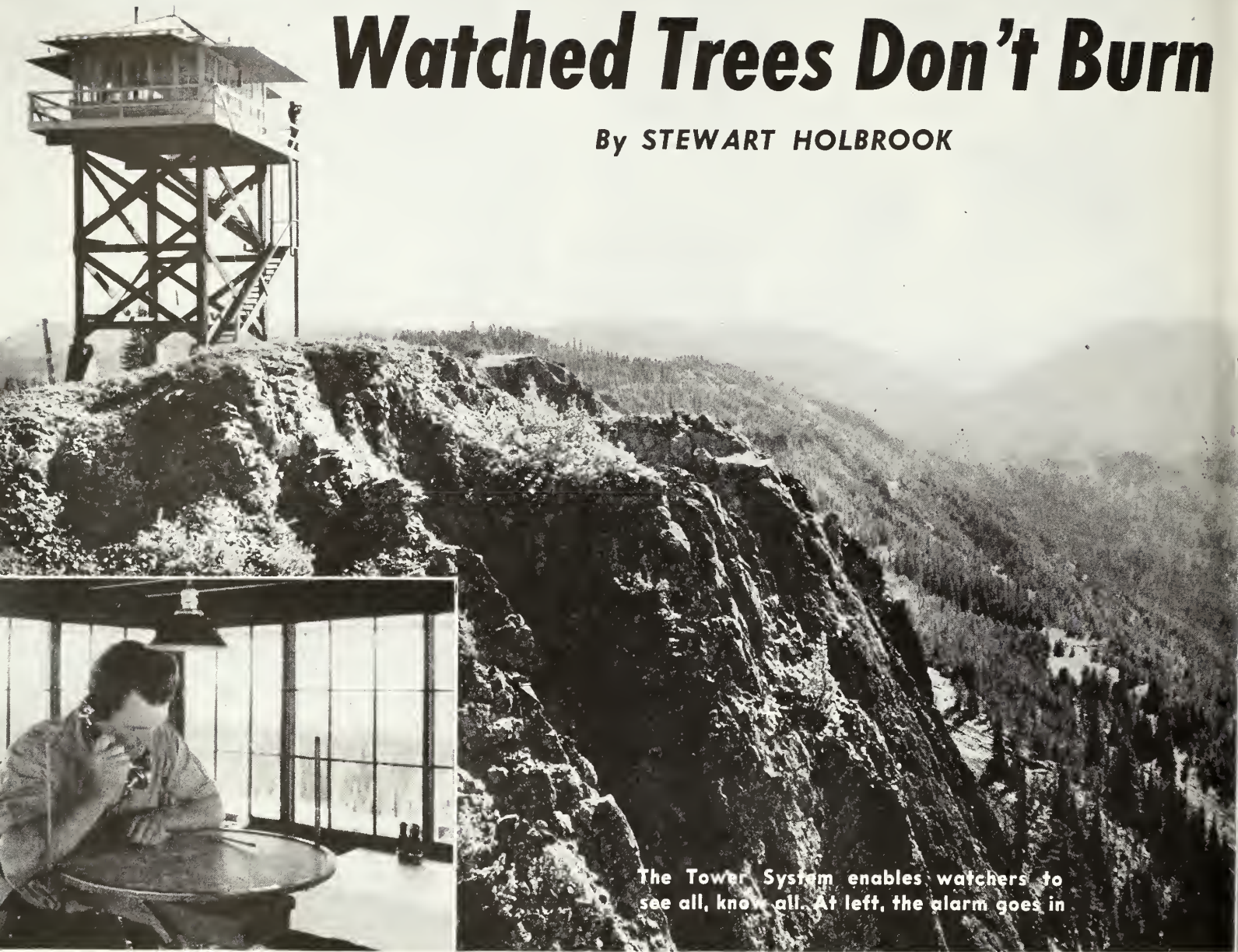
We walked for miles and in nearly every block Captain Cole had some
(Continued on page 38)



In clearing the debris at Canterbury the Old Contemptibles and other veterans had a leading part

Watched Trees Don't Burn

By STEWART HOLBROOK



The Tower System enables watchers to see all, know all. At left, the alarm goes in

The Northwest timber country, knowing that a little fire in the woods can easily become a conflagration, has a formula-for-safety: Plenty of wardens, quick communications, adequate firefighting apparatus

THE day was last September 9th. The place was a remote and wooded spot in the Coast Range Mountains of southwestern Oregon. The young, keen-eyed lookout sat in his glass cabin perched on a peak, watching the vast scene below.

Out of the mist came a speck that presently turned into a plane, a small plane, an unannounced plane. It was a tiny thing, smaller than the lookout had ever seen. It was painted brown. It circled slowly, obviously trying for more altitude. The lookout picked up the telephone at his elbow. Just then the plane disappeared in the low-hanging mist.

"Hello," said the lookout, giving his station, "I just saw a plane flying around west of here."

The tiny plane now emerged from the mist again. It was flying south, then

it turned west. As it did so, the lookout saw a plume of smoke roll up from the valley. In an instant he turned the sights of his Osborne fire-finder until the cross-hairs bore directly on the column of smoke.

"Hello," he said into his telephone. "I've got a smoke. . . Township 00, Range 00, Section 000." He followed this with his azimuth reading, the vertical angle, and the smoke drift.

Five minutes later a crew of tough lads was pounding over a trail on the way to the fire—what was perhaps the first forest fire to go into classical American history, as it surely will.

The fire itself didn't amount to anything. It was a damp day in the fog belt, the region between the Coast Mountains and the sea. Had the Jap been able to get over those mountains to drop his load, the fire might have



Removing inflammable dead limbs along the fire line

had more serious consequences. As it was, the fire was extinguished in ten minutes.

What makes this otherwise inconsequential forest fire of significance is that it marks the first time the continental United States was bombed from an enemy plane. And citizens may be glad to know that their forest protection agencies were ready and waiting, both for this particular bomb and for any others that may fall this coming summer.

News of the Jap bomb, dropped from a Jap plane sent out from a Jap sub, hurried swiftly through the tall timber, wafted on the magic beams of the forest radio network to lonely lookouts, to ranger stations throughout the dark woods of Oregon, Washington and California. The news brought a relief from tension to all of the forest protection agencies in the region. At last it had happened—the thing they had been waiting for ever since the woods became dry in the spring of 1942.

More bombs will fall on Pacific Northwest forests this year if the Japs can drop them there. The Japs know that forest products are as important as steel in this war. They know that Oregon and Washington are the two leading States in production, that Oregon and Washington forests are the greatest in the United States. They know a good deal about logging and lumber manufacturing in those States.

Before Pearl Harbor hundreds of Japs had worked in sawmills of those two States. Hundreds more had lived on stump ranches—small farms in the timber clearings—where they learned at first hand the omnipresent danger of forest fires and of the terrible destruction such fires can bring so swiftly.

Japanese forestry students, many of them doubtless army officers, visited our forests "in the interests of science" and were shown every courtesy by American foresters and lumbermen. They had access to our timber maps, to weather reports, to forest fire statistics. No doubt they took in the lay of the land and figured where and at what time of year incendiary bombs would do the most harm.

So, when the news of Pearl Harbor arrived, Northwest forest protection agencies acted quickly and with unanimous agreement on what should be done. A week after the Jap attack on the Islands, private, state and federal foresters met in Salem, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington, and formed Forest Defense Councils. They invited representatives of the Army and Navy and civilian protection groups to sit in.

First thing accomplished was a pooling of all resources for fighting forest fires. Into this pool went hundreds of miles of hose, thousands upon thousands of axes, saws and other hand tools, and scores of brush-busters, tank trucks, pickups, and other rolling stock.



Bucking a strong wind, the blaze sweeps on



Nipping hot fire in a patch of small timber



Tiny firs that will grow big in burned-out areas

This huge pool of apparatus was apportioned carefully by districts, stored in strategic places, and became available for the *nearest* fire, regardless of whether it was on state, federal or private land.

Manpower came next. The state superintendents of public instruction were conferred with, and a plan—which worked—was made whereby high school seniors would be released before the end of the spring term, in case of need. These boys, all volunteers, were given instruction in firefighting by experienced

rangers and wardens on Saturdays throughout the spring weeks; and when school finished, more than 1,200 of them went directly to firefighting crews in all parts of the two States.

The state forestry departments of Oregon and Washington, which have the greatest responsibility because their men guard by far the greatest extent of forest, expanded their radio-reporting systems many fold, making the radio sets at their own headquarters. Crews

(Continued on page 36)



"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low." That's probably what these young Marines are singing as they gather about the piano in the Brawley (California) Post club house

A Little Touch of Home

NOW that our 'teen age lads are going into the Army camps by hundreds and thousands it becomes increasingly important that Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units devote more and more attention to the recreational facilities about the camp areas. Most of these boys are going away from home for the first time—they're just out of high school, many of them—and they are going to be mighty homesick until they become well broken in to their new surroundings.

A little touch of home life, either in the homes of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries or in established recreational centers, works wonders with the lads, and costs so little. That is not to say that the older men don't appreciate—and need—the same sort of attention. A home-cooked meal—just like mother used to make—a song at twilight and other homely diversions will go a long way toward brightening up the following week, even if the weather is unkind and the top sergeant gets out of bed on the wrong side every morning.

Of course there are institutional recreation centers—and most of them are doing a good job—but the little personal attentions that mean so much cannot be given in mass handling of great groups. Hundreds of thousands of homes have been opened to service men, and there must be more of them. Legion clubhouses, with Auxiliary help, make ideal home centers, and thousands of

them have been made available for the entertainment of the men who are in training for the fighting fronts. Better yet, the Legion centers make ideal recruiting centers for home dinner parties and social events to be held in homes. These lads are just the same as your boys and mine; they are just as well-behaved, and most of them have been brought up to know the refinement and

culture of well-ordered homes. Most of them, and they lived in your neighborhood, would have been the schoolmates and pals of your own boys, and have the same longing for home and mother and chicken-and-dumplings and all the trimmings that go with a good home-cooked dinner. (One of the Stepkeeper's soldier lads came in unannounced one midnight from a distant camp and, before settling



New Bedford (Massachusetts) Post keeps open house for service men during the week, with sleeping accommodations available on Saturday night. Hosts shown are, left to right, George Brierly, Custodian; Past Commander David Carlaw, Chairman; Past Commander Henry P. Gero and Commander Cornelius Connors



Well, well! The boys seem to like the feed. This is one of the things Brawley Post does for the Marines from Camp Dunlap

down, had his mother start to make a pot of his favorite thick potato soup.)

What with civilian defense, bond sales, Red Cross, book collections, aircraft spotting and a hundred other wartime activities, the spare time of most Legionnaires and Auxiliaries is well taken up, and the war presses down as a heavy burden. But it will help to lighten the load to have the young people around, and it's good for the old morale to spend some time with these young fighting men. They breathe confidence in themselves, our country and our cause.

Highland Park (California) Post, in a suburban section of Los Angeles, has provided a recreation room near Camp Santa Anita, writes Adjutant F. F. Fuller, where the soldiers from the camp are entertained—or where facilities are available for them to make their own entertainment. There is a homey atmosphere about the place, with the fathers and mothers of service men at hand to help out, to say nothing of the younger sisters of the same service men lending cheer to the center.

Also from California comes another report of a remarkably fine job of entertaining service men—in private homes as well as in the Legion Home—being done by a Legion group. It happens that this particular contingent of service men in the Brawley sector are Marines. You know those boys. You've heard of them through the papers. Just now they're doing their stuff from the South Pacific to the shores of Tripoli—and that's a long stretch of miles.

"The Marines have landed, and Brawley Post of the Legion has the situation well in hand," writes Sergeant Frank W. McCulloch.

"It was only a few months ago that

Brawley, in the heart of California's fabulous Imperial Valley, found itself faced with a 'service' problem," continues Sergeant McCulloch. "Late last summer an entire regiment of Marines moved into Camp Dunlap, only a few miles from the city, to open training as a light artillery outfit. Then arose the question of how to provide the service men with wholesome recreation during their hours of liberty. And Brawley, with energetic Legionnaires leading the way, met the challenge.

"So successfully has the job been

handled that the Leathernecks still admit astonishment at the all-out hospitality of that community of 12,000 residents. From the first, Legionnaires set a real example for other Brawleyites to follow. The Post's hall was thrown open to Marines on week-ends for dancing, singfests and other forms of recreation, with plenty of tasty food provided by Brawley Auxiliaries and friends to top off the occasion. Houses of Legion members were likewise opened to the Marines. Typical of the hospitality extended by the veterans of the First World War was a dinner given by John Elmore, Brawley rancher and racing stock breeder. Fifteen Leathernecks made up Elmore's guest list and after a full day of entertainment the occasion was climaxed by an outdoor barbecue of spring duck, killed by Elmore on his own ranch.

"In addition, members of the Post, many of whom are merchants, helped to see to it that carefully contrived displays in store windows made the Marines feel at home in the community. On Sundays the churches provide ample dinners for Gyrenes attending services and otherwise see that the men have their leisure hours well filled. Brawley's general committee in charge of the program, believing that no one should know better how a service man wants to spend his free time than an ex-service man, gladly accepted the volunteered services of the Legionnaires. Members of Brawley Post now play a leading part in discharging the functions of the recreation group."

While not unique in the American scene, Brawley Post's record in helping a city make the service men welcome



Bernay Camp Post of Longview, Texas, made its home town an oasis for service men when it established a service center and turned on the true Texas hospitality



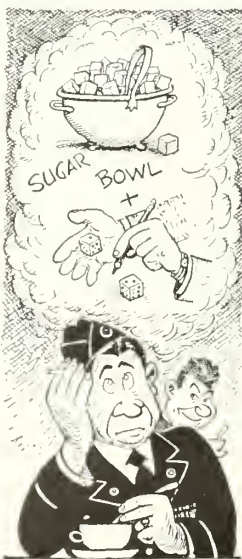
Soft Missouri skies hover above this beautiful Honor Roll of men of Girardeau County now in service, erected by Louis K. Juden Post

is a bright spot on the page of Legion accomplishment.

Another splendid work is that now being carried on by Bernay Camp Post at Longview, Texas—so notable that the *Longview News* headlined "Longview Converted from Desert to Oasis by Service Men's Hut." The establishment of a needed center for service men stationed in the area and for use by transients was accomplished in two months—starting with blueprints for a one-room affair and ending up with a fourteen-room house completely renovated and re-furnished for men in service.

"Two months ago Longview had nothing to offer soldiers passing through for a few hours," said the newspaper. "Soldiers were fed and that was about the extent of Longview's hospitality. If Private Smith wanted a shave, he rented a hotel room; if he wanted to drop a line to his best girl, he did so at the postoffice standing up. And if he wanted to sit down and forget about the war for a few minutes—he ended up in a movie he didn't want to see."

Then Ber-



nay Camp Post started to work with plans for a recreation center—modest plans, to be sure. That the need for such a center was generally recognized is fully revealed in the willingness of interested citizens to help out—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Nicholson believed in the cause so greatly that they gave their old fourteen-room home to the Post for use as a center. Then, says Post Commander Ernest A. Wilson, the outfit had a real responsibility in furnishing the place and operating a service center that would do credit to the home city. Completely furnished through the generosity of Longview people, with lounge rooms, game rooms, reading rooms, and with complete kitchen and dining room—but with only one bedroom for emergency use or for a stranded soldier—manned by volunteer workers, including volunteer senior and junior hostesses, the center is indeed a pleasant oasis for the service men who are far from home.

"So today Longview is proud host to every soldier who visits the city. He may travel east and west, north and south, but he won't find another city as friendly and as willing to serve as Longview," concludes the *News*.

Just room for another one and, to complete the spread across the country, there's a nice bit of business actively carried on by New Bedford (Massachusetts) Post. That Legion unit stands as Number 1 on the roll of the Old Bay State Legion, and with a goal of 2,000 members for 1943, Commander Cornelius Connors is endeavoring to make it the Number 1 service unit. New Bedford Post is another that has opened its doors to the men who make up the

Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

"Post 1 quarters are open every day of the year to service men and they have full run of the place

to use the reading room, play cards, write letters, listen to the radio—in fact, make use of all facilities," writes Commander Connors. "Special service is given on Saturday nights when from 60 to 125 cots are set up in the quarters for men who stay overnight. Hot coffee and doughnuts are served every Sunday morning by members of the Auxiliary Unit to all who make use of the sleeping quarters. The entertainment of service men is in charge of Past Commander David Carlaw, Chairman of the House Committee, under whose administration the work was begun."

With all of this activity New Bedford

HELP STAMP OUT OUR ENEMIES WITH WAR STAMPS



A striking window display at Warrensburg, New York, featuring a miniature of the Post's aircraft warning tower, with background of roll of volunteer spotters

Post still has had since Dec. 4, 1941, a room to spare for a U. S. Marine Corps recruiting center.

Another type of service is that rendered by Littleton Post of Shirley, Massachusetts, which, more than a year ago, turned its fine two-story brick home over for use as a U. S. O. center. The quarters are well adapted to this purpose, with a large hall equipped with a stage and all facilities, and with a number of lounge rooms, a library and plenty of shower baths.

"Our Post has maintained a U. S. O. committee to function with the town committee as a volunteer group to assist the U. S. O. officials," writes Adjutant Claude S. Keough. "Programs of all kinds are kept moving, and our Post, under Commander John McIntyre, is really up to its neck in various phases of war work."

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET DOWN NOW



Honor Roll

HONORING the men who have entered the services from Cape Girardeau County, Missouri, Louis K. Juden Post of Cape Girardeau has erected an elaborate Honor Roll, now listing several thousand names. Space has been reserved for another thousand, but if it goes beyond that number another addition must be erected. Already the sum of \$1,000 has been spent on it, writes Post Adjutant J. Grant Frye, who some years ago served Missouri as its Department Commander, and every cent has been appropriated from Post funds. No outside contributions were made.

In transmitting the picture, Adjutant Frye suggests its use on the magazine cover, but as a different type of cover picture is used, the next best thing is to print it in the Legion activity section.

Warning Service Display

AREPLICA of the observation post sponsored and maintained by Warrensburg (New York) Post is the centerpiece of a striking window display exhibited in a window of the power and light company building in that town. An honor roll of the men and women volunteers who man the post forms the background.

Publicity Officer Warren E. Parker says that the miniature building is an exact replica of the observation tower, built on a scale of one-half an inch to the foot. The display was built and made up by Chief Observer Roy W. Randall and Assistant Chief James E. Johnson, who is also



Commander of Warrensburg Post.

Allied Flags

YORK (Pennsylvania) Post has, since its organization, kept on display in its home the flags of the nations allied with the United States in the old World War. On January 19th, on the occasion of the visit of Department Commander Daniel Hartbauer, the Post displayed for the first time its new stand of flags of the thirty nations allied in the war against the Axis powers.

Arranged as a background, behind the desk of the Post Commander, with Old Glory and the Legion standard in the places of honor, the long row of flags makes an impressive display—a very appropriate one for a Legion hall.

The Legionnaires in the picture, reading from left to right, are: William H. Walker, Past Commander and at present Grand Chef de Gare of the Pennsylvania Forty and Eight; Stanton House of Aspers, Commander of the 22d District; Daniel Hartbauer, Department Commander; Karl F. Katz, Commander of York Post; Ralph H. Lookingbill, Past Commander and Acting Adjutant, and Howard W. Sheffer of Gettysburg, Adjutant of the 22d District Council.

Reducing Waste Hours

IN a public address made soon after his return from floating three weeks on a rubber raft in the South Pacific, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker said: "I have come to the conclusion that, if they brought the combat troops back here and put them in factories and had the factory workers replace them in the field, we could double production in thirty days' time. . . . It is difficult for a man to imagine what our boys are doing without seeing,



York (Pennsylvania) Post has decorated its home with a stand of the colors of all the allied nations now fighting for the preservation of democracy

but with all the security and comforts of home we are enjoying, I hope they (the factory workers) will do even better."

Alarmed by the high percentage of absenteeism in the industrial plants in and about its home city—one of the vital production centers of the country—Seattle (Washington) Post expressed publicly its gratitude to the fighting men and drafted a patriotic pledge for war workers, which has been widely adopted on the West Coast.

"I pledge, as an American War worker, to give as much of my energy to my work as I can; to produce for our men at war every extra bit of work that my energy and health permit; to be at my work every day; to place my patriotism and my respect for my fighting fellow Americans above the interests of myself. I voluntarily make this pledge to the American Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, and express the hope that this effort may provide the urge for the doubling of production of arms and the materials they need. May it also contribute to the happiness of their families." (Continued on page 44)



Law and Order Committee of Seattle (Washington) Post assembled to start a campaign against absenteeism in war plants. The pledge of service came out of this meeting

Entry Ports toward Victory

THEY were peaceful ports, there along the south shore of the Mediterranean, when some of our gang of veterans knew them. First, back in 1919, one of them became known to those homeward-bound A. E. F.-ers whose transports sailed from Marseille, France, crossed the Mediterranean and put into the port of Oran, Algeria, for re-coaling. Second, in 1927, when

among the millions of soldiers, sailors, marines, coastguardsmen and nurses who now comprise or will comprise many American Expeditionary Forces scattered throughout the globe.

Memories of those ports were revived when, last November, American troops were landed in North Africa as a first step toward victory over the Axis. That invasion armada consisted of 850 ships

military activities in North Africa was H. E. Dietl, Assistant Service Officer of the Department of Wisconsin of the Legion, whose headquarters are at Wood, Wisconsin. Two of the snapshots reproduced on this page and one on the second page following came to us in November from Comrade Dietl with this letter:

"With all the current news of our



A coaling stop of a home-bound transport allowed H. E. Dietl, left, and other soldiers to visit Oran, Algeria, in April, 1919



Richard Husch, Red Cross, and William McCabe, K. C., meet some natives in a public park in Oran which is no stranger to 1943 Yanks

some 20,000 Legionnaires and their families, constituting the "Second A. E. F." crossed the seas for the Legion's Ninth Annual Convention in Paris, and then proceeded on widespread tours of Europe and of the picturesque North African Coast before returning home. Third, in 1937, when, following the Legion National Convention in New York City, an official Legion party headed a group of more than 5,000 in the "Third A. E. F." to revisit the French capital—and spread out over Europe to visit the battlefields, our hallowed American Military Cemeteries in France, Belgium and England, and to tour many lands, and, again, the North Coast of Africa, including the port of Algiers.

Convinced, as we were, that in 1918 we had succeeded in winning the war to end all wars, the designation of these Legion pilgrimages as a "Second A. E. F." and a "Third A. E. F." was considered apt. Little did we realize that within less than a quarter of a century following the Armistice of 1918, we would be engaged in another World War far greater in extent and far more threatening to the safety of our nation. Little did we know that several hundred thousand sons and daughters of the men in uniform in 1918 would be

of which 500 were transports carrying troops, munitions, and supplies, the remaining 350 being naval craft of every type to protect the transports and the landing operations. Quite a change from the convoys of six to a dozen transports, with accompanying naval vessels, that slowly but surely delivered the 2,000,000 men of the A. E. F. in France for World War I.

First to be inspired by the American



Legionnaire James W. Reedy stops in Algiers with fellow tourists of the Legion's Third A. E. F. in 1937

troops in and around Oran, Algeria, I am sure that the several enclosed snapshots which I took in Oran in April, 1919, will be of interest not only to our readers, but to the mothers and fathers who have sons in the African forces. They will see that Oran is not just a trackless waste in the desert but a modern city with street cars, parks and so on. The pictures were snapped while I was on my way home from the A. E. F.

"Although I served with Hospital Train No. 44 until after the Armistice and then with Camp Hospital No. 1 at Gondrecourt, I came home with Casual Company 3973 from St. 'Agony' (Aignan) via Marseille. We sailed across the Mediterranean to Oran, Algeria, to coal ship which was done by native laborers carrying large wicker baskets of coal into the holds. Our ship was the S. S. *Patria*, formerly of the Fabre Line, I believe, and noted for its wonderful (?) cuisine!

"We had horse meat every day and sometimes twice a day, hence it was quite a relief to be given shore leave at Oran and visit some of the cafés where we purchased real steaks, eggs and other good chow. The food on the *Patria* was so terrible that the storeroom of the ship was broken into one night and we made away with all the oranges, and lots of other things. Guess all the troops on

board donated a few francs afterward to settle the bill.

"The soldiers in the group picture, which includes two young native peddlers, are, besides myself, at the left, Chapman Johnson of Butler, Pennsylvania; Chisholm from Oklahoma, and Jake Cohen from somewhere in New York State. The uniformed men in the picture of the natives in one of Oran's parks are Richard Husch, from Brooklyn, a Red Cross representative, and William McCabe, a K. C. man who hailed from Poughkeepsie. The third snap shows one of the Oran street cars, vintage of 1919.

"If any of the men pictured or others on the *Patria* who visited Oran in April, 1919, happen to see these pictures I'd be glad to hear from them."

AND now for the neighboring port of Algiers. You will recall from the newspaper accounts that when our troops were landed on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of French North Africa, under protection of British naval and air forces, the city of Algiers surrendered on the first day. It took two days of fighting before Oran gave in, and not until the third day, after being stormed by tanks and shelled by warships, did the port of Casablanca fall. Incidentally, it was in Algiers that Admiral Darlan showed up, only to be assassinated after he had put the North African French forces into the war on our side.

Just five years before a new A. E. F. took Algiers, James W. Reedy of Electric Post of the Legion in Chicago, whose home is at 1005 North Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois, had his picture snapped in that same port, with a na-



Anyone know what became of Andre, AEF mascot, pictured above? He is reported to have gone to Canada during 1926

APRIL, 1943

THEN and NOW

tive Arab, and some members of a Legion party. Here is his story:

"The enclosed snapshot was taken in Algiers, North Africa, on November 1, 1937. Our group of Legionnaires was returning home from the visit to Paris and the tour of Europe which followed the Legion National Convention in New York City that year. I am in Legion uniform next to the local Arab, while



The band of the 310th Field Artillery, 79th Division, rated concert trips to most of the A. E. F. Leave Centers and to Paris. Here it is at La Bourboule, with some Y workers

the lady was from New Rochelle, New York. The man with his back turned is Dr. K. Eastman, owner of the Danish-American Hospital on the West Side of Chicago, while next to him, in silhouette, is Ed McGinnis, former Cook County Legion Commander.

"While I wouldn't call it a good likeness, anyone who knows Ed Hayes, Past National Commander, who is now wearing the uniform of a Commander in the U. S. Navy, will recognize him as the man in the cap, at the extreme left.

"After leaving Paris, our tour took us through Yugoslavia, Greece, Naples and Palermo, Italy—then, boarding the liner *Saturnia*, we sailed from Trieste, with stops at Algiers and Gibraltar. While at Gibraltar, Legionnaire Fred Huebenthal and I talked our way across the border into Spain. We shook hands with twenty rebel soldiers who had been engaged in real fighting in the Spanish trouble. They told us the front line was then about 150 miles from Gibraltar. One of them had one of our new Enfield rifles on his shoulder!

"We stopped for a short visit in Lisbon, Portugal, then within two days reached the Azores, and four days later were back in New York City. Mrs. Reedy and I were with Past Com-

mander and Mrs. Hayes for fifteen days on the trip home. I remember that at the ship's concert, Mrs. Hayes was scheduled for a solo, while Ed served as song leader. Of the 1100 passengers aboard, 500 were of the Legion party.

"Our best welcome on the entire trip was at Patras, Greece. At the time of our visit the town had a Legion Post of some 150 members. They had ten buses ready for us and took our entire party of 500 on a tour of all the historic and ancient spots in their area.

Let us hope our Legion Posts in that brave little country of Greece may soon be revived."

IF THE ordinary run of our group of fading old crocks—even though some thousands of them were found whole enough to get back into uniform—look with more than a degree of envy on the men in our present military forces, just consider the situation of the musical artists who comprised the hundreds of military bands of our olden days!

Of course, back in those days we knew there were women in the services—nurses and yeomen (f) and marines (f)—but when those gals paraded it was to the music of bands composed of men. Perhaps it all bases on the influence of the Phil Spitalny all-girl musical outfit that has entertained us on

APRIL 6TH, 1917-
U.S. DECLARES WAR
ON GERMANY





Oran, North African port, had street cars even in 1919, as shown above. Not a desert waste, but a modern city

the air and in "personal appearances"—but our present-day WAACS and WAVES and SPARS and the other alphabetical groups of women enrolled or enlisted to give support to our warriors (and, praise be, the Marine Corps women will be called *marines* instead of the suggested WAMS), will have their own all-feminine military bands.

All of which brings us to the contribution from Dallas E. Minnich of 181 East Cottage Place, York, Pennsylvania Past Commander of York Post of the Legion. Comrade Minnich's letterhead bears the slogan "Everything Musical," but it fails to advise whether now he is still on the playing end, or the selling end of the music business. Listen to him:

"As former solo cornetist of the 310th Field Artillery Band, 79th Division, I thought it about time to toot my horn about my particular musical outfit, even though I am not claiming, as most outfits do, that mine was the best band in the Army. As proof, though, that we were pretty hot, I am enclosing a picture taken at La Bourboule in the Auvergne Leave Area operated by the Y. M. C. A., one of the numerous places throughout France where we played. The women in the picture are



our Equipment C (wonder if any other 1918 outfit wore pajamas?). Second, we were the colonel's pet outfit, and he even added a bugle section of sixteen to our band, each man carrying both an American and a French bugle. Our uniforms were pressed for us for every concert and our hobnails glistened like mirrors.

"Our colonel, H. L. Landers, and our band leader, Lieutenant Nels Anderson (a Swede), had soldiered together in the old 7th Cavalry before coming to the 310th Field Artillery and perhaps that is one reason we rated so well.

"After we reached the A. E. F. in August, 1918, via the transport *Northland* and England, the colonel had us sent to every Leave Area that he could possibly contact, to play—in addition to two visits to Paris for concerts. Headquarters Company, of which we were members, called us lazy until finally one day we were given orders to take the harness down to a nearby stream on a December day, for a cleaning. To this Lieutenant Anderson objected, reporting, 'I went to de colonel with tears in my eyes and told him it would ruin dese young musicians.'

"In a recent letter from John Beshel, our former company clerk who is now a priest in Nazareth, North Carolina, he recalled this incident: 'I can still see the band leading us on the all-day march from Romsey to Southampton, England, where we embarked for the Channel crossing to Cherbourg. The bandsmen started out fine, but as time went on, there was no more music and not even any talking—every man was worn out.' It was on this hike that our leader, Anderson, was hit and run down by an English lad on a bicycle. Anderson always played on the march to show up 'the kids,' but here his cornet, an antique, was completely smashed.

"Our band was credited with having a bass drummer, reputedly a millionaire. I can't prove that, but I do know that he usually kept the band boys out of financial trouble while we were across.

Y workers. I am seated in the front row, third from the right.

"Early in our training at Camp Meade, Maryland, we became known throughout the 79th Division as the 'Pajama Band,' and it came about this way: First, because at bunk inspection each Saturday we had to have two suits of pajamas displayed with



"On one occasion, while preparing to entrain at La Bourboule for La Courtine, our Sergeant Troxell wandered across the street from the station to a vin rouge shop. The train arrived in the meantime, but Anderson held up its departure until Troxell was found. Lieutenant Anderson, about whom much of our fun was centered, was retired at the close of the war as he was about sixty years old then, and spent several weeks at my home before returning to his home in the Philippines. I wonder if he is still living and where he is now. That goes also for the rest of my comrades in the 310th Field Artillery Band. I hope they write to me, as I would like to start an organization of our band veterans, looking forward to a reunion when this war is won."

QUITE a number of years ago, this department introduced to readers of the magazine a great many mascots—French kids that various outfits adopted, (Continued on page 48)

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES

Saturday



Nov. 9th, 1918

R.M.S. "MELITA."

SECOND CABIN

LUNCHEON.

Sheeps Head Broth

Grilled Fresh Herrings, Mustard Sauce

Roast Pork, Apple Sauce

Baked Potatoes

BUFFET...

Oxford Brawn

Rice Pudding

Cheese

Coffee

Did your homeward-bound transport sport a printed menu? You'll have to read the story about it



How American it is... to want something better!

IN THIS LAND of the free where every woman wants a "different" hat and every man a "different" necktie, it might not be surprising to find strongly differing opinions even about a moderate beverage such as ale.

But wait a minute. What all Americans are really looking for—is "something better." Thus, so *many* have found an ale—one particular ale—which lives up literally to the "Purity," "Body," and "Flavor," inscribed upon its 3-ring trade mark, that it has become . . .

America's largest selling Ale



APRIL FOOL!!

You thought I meant it when I said the war will soon be all over!?

(HE DID TOO - AS FAR AS HE IS CONCERNED) →

I sure did! Because the war is all over - not soon, but now!! All over the world!!! And any misinformed wishful thinker who believes it's all over but the shouting is a d.... fool!!!!

(SO IS ANY OTHER "PART-TIME PATRIOT" WHO IS NOT DOING ALL HE CAN TO HELP WIN THIS WAR) →



APRIL FOOLS - WHO ARE FOOLS NOT ONLY IN APRIL - AND WHO ARE ONLY FOOLING FOOLS.

"Absenteeism!" Hohoho!! I can afford to take a day off whenever I feel like it! I ain't under no military discipline!!

(YET)



"HOOKEY PLAYERS" AND STRIKERS

Nobody can tell me when, and where, I can drive my car. And I got plenty'a alibis - in case!

(PHONY "BUSINESS")

Me neither - And I can get all the gas I need too - I got a pal on the ration board!

(HE GOT ALL THE FUEL OIL HE NEEDED TOO)



PLEASURE DRIVERS, AND GAS CHISELERS, WHO OBJECT TO WALKING ANYWHERE.

They can't call me a hoarder! I always kept my pantry shelves well stocked up - even before the war!!

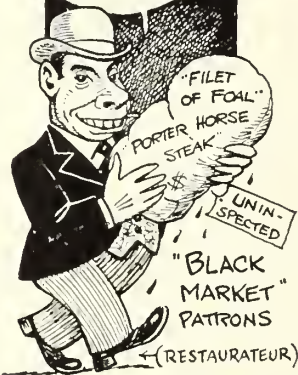
Certainly you did, honey - And now we got enough sugar, coffee, and tea, to last us for the duration!

(HE ALSO "HAS A WAY" OF GETTING PLENTY OF BUTTER)



FOOD HOARDERS, AND WHOLE HOGGERS

"Meatless Tuesdays!" Horsefeathers!! Who's gonna stop me when I know a place where I can buy all the meat I need at anytime!?



"BLACK MARKET" PATRONS

(-RESTAURATEUR)

"Victory Gardens!?" How a lotta amateurs is gonna raise enough vegetables to help the Farmers feed the nation, the Armed Forces - and our Allies - is behind me - It's reedik-liss!!

Heck! I a-lus raise a bumper crop of dandelions on my lawn every year - without even trying!!



BEFOGGED BELITTLERS WHO DON'T SEEM TO DO MUCH OF ANYTHING - BUT, TALK A LOT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Yeh! We used to go "all out" on every-thing - but, when we saw so many ration chiselers, and food cheaters - and pleasure drivers - getting away with it - we just gave up, and passed the buck!

Same with us!! Made us feel like we were suckers! We don't even render down our waste kitchen fats, or salvage tins cans, any more! Let somebody else do it!



A VERY SAD CASE OF DOUBLE "LET DOWN" INDEED.

I had to sell back some war bonds to pay my income tax - so why not income some more for my cash some more for my vacation this year!?

"VACATION?" OH, OH!! ANOTHER PITIFUL CASE -



I'm getting fed up with this war stuff in the newspapers, on the radio - and most of the movies!! Why can't they forget it for awhile? I don't pay no attention to it anymore anyhow!!



OUR BOYS FIGHTING THE WAR OVERSEAS SHOULD GET A LOAD OF THIS

Wotya mean "you're losing interest in your Civilian Defense work, now that the war is almost won!?"

The war isn't won yet - and until it is, somebody's got to do the home work!

O.K. - Let the Army do it then - They'll have over ten million men, drawing pay for it, to draw from.



WE HESITATE TO COMMENT ON THIS KIND OF "LET DOWN" - YOU DO IT. YOU'LL FIND AT LEAST ONE IN EVERY GROUP.



HE'S ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO LEARNED TO SHOOT with a .22 rifle and Western Super-X and Xpert ammunition. The very name "Western" signifies accuracy in the minds of millions. Western has earned that reputation by giving shooters the most accurate ammunition that modern ballistic skill can produce. Today, that accuracy is helping our combat forces to smash the enemy.

★ AMERICA CAN'T MISS! ★



YESTERDAY he shot for fun... *today* he shoots for freedom! In these times our great American heritage, the ability to shoot straight, reveals itself a hundred-fold!

It shows in the way our soldiers make each shot count. It shines as bright as Old Glory, in the perfection of the millions of military cartridges that Western and its subsidiaries are producing daily for America.

When war came, Western was ready. Thousands of loyal, trained workers were geared to the job. Again, Western is helping America at war, using its ability to apply watch-making accuracy to mass production.

Western

CARTRIDGE COMPANY
EAST ALTON, ILLINOIS



Today in Western-operated plants more than 50,000 production soldiers are making firearms, ammunition, critical metals, explosives, flashlights, flashlight batteries and other products for Uncle Sam.

GERMANY BEHIND PILLBOXES

(Continued from page 7)

Europe. Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Croatia and Slovakia were assigned their respective quotas of cannon-fodder. The same nations, plus France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark and Bulgaria, had to deliver additional manpower for production.

The third step was to bully Marshal Pétain into reinstating Pierre Laval in power so as to give the Nazis complete control over France and a springboard for eventually bringing Spain and Portugal into the Fortress Europe.

Under this totalitarian blueprint of exploitation, Ostland was to deliver food, hemp, industrial alcohol, fodder, barley for coffee substitutes, lumber, dairy products from western Lithuania and Latvia and increased submarine construction. The Ukraine was to yield vast quantities of sugar, cereals, dairy products, agricultural machinery and rolling stock. Poland was to be converted into a gigantic munitions factory.

Meanwhile, General Halder executed his 1942 military campaign. Virtually its sole objective was to secure the Ukraine against Russian attack, the Ostland being considered relatively safe. Hence the push to the Volga and the Caucasus. In conformity with their manpower conservation policy, the Nazis employed an increasing number of Italian and Rumanian contingents whose casualties on the southern front amounted to 75 percent of the total.

But on September 1, 1942, General Halder was suddenly removed as Chief of the General Staff. Colonel General Jodl, now the Reich's dominant military figure, took over. Throughout the summer—at the urging of Hitler, who wanted to get rid of Halder—Jodl had been busy working out a strategic plan of his own. In doing this, he accepted the principle of a war of attrition as evolved by Halder, but added to it a number of features predicated not so much on European as on world-strategic considerations.

Reduced to simple language, the nine points of the Jodl Plan, now in effect, are:

1. Hold the Fortress Europe and its approaches, including the Tunisian bridgehead.

2. Convert the Fortress Europe into a single military and economic unit.

3. Concentrate all sea warfare on the submarine weapon. Increase the construction of new U-boats to at least 250 a year, or five times the expected maximum losses. Since a U-boat sinks an average of 100,000 tons of shipping during its lifetime, this will compel the Allies to build 25,000,000 tons of shipping annually if they are to keep pace.

4. Conduct all future actions against Russia from a negative point of view—that is, destroy Russian facilities and means of existence rather than absorb them so as to create an ever-increasing strain on Anglo-American replacement capacity.

5. Shift the center of Reich war industry to the East and immunize facilities which must be maintained in the West by the construction of concrete underground workshops. Forget about urban residential districts—their bombing will speed the eastward stream of the working population.

6. Increase alien participation in whatever fighting in Russia will be deemed necessary, thus conserving German manpower.

7. Husband the Luftwaffe's offensive power especially in flying personnel, so as to store it up for the day when the Allies undertake their big attempt against the Fortress Europe from the West. Do not be goaded into purely retaliatory air offensives.

8. Maintain and increase the quietly functioning information channels from the United States. Do not antagonize the American people unnecessarily with industrial sabotage or token bombings. It is more profitable to sink the finished American products than to hamper their production at home.

9. Concentrate propaganda activity to America on this sinking wastage, pounding home facts and figures. Then the American people will wake up to the fact that the products of their toil are thrown to an insatiable Moloch and that they are becoming a nation of paupers. This trend will increase if the Anglo-American attempt against the Fortress Europe is made and repulsed with bloody losses. The way will then be open for an understanding.

Such, in substance and actual citation, is the Jodl Plan. Jodl has told the Nazis in unmistakable language that its success is entirely contingent upon their organization of the Arsenal of the East and the outcome of the greater U-boat campaign.

The Nazis have undertaken to deliver. U-boats are being launched at a rate of almost one a day. French crews are in constant training. Vast new underground garages, virtually indestructible by bombing, are being blasted out of rock or built of concrete walls ten feet thick.

The U-boat itself has been given more efficiency, cruising range, armament and maneuverability. It is now of such exceptionally sturdy construction that it can submerge to 600 feet, beyond the limit of ordinary depth charges. Diesel

engines of a new design eliminate heavy electric motors and storage batteries, thus providing greater maneuverability as well as additional space for torpedoes. Smaller tubes permit standardization of torpedo manufacture for aircraft, torpedo boats and submarines. Retractable deck guns can open fire almost at the split second of coming to the surface, with the fire power of a corvette.

These new U-boats no longer hunt singly or in small packs, but frequently in flotillas of twelve or more.

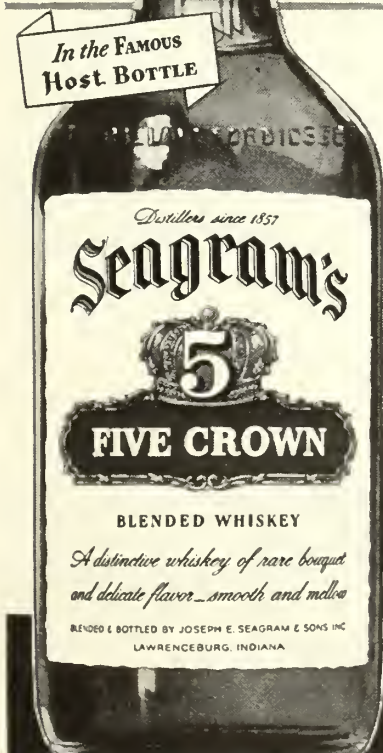
The originator of this hunting tactic, Admiral Karl Doenitz, has recently been made Grand Admiral of the German Navy.

The Nazis are also feverishly active in building their Arsenal of the East. They have thrown their full organizational effort into Ostland and the Ukraine, sending in an agricultural population of more than 800,000, recruited in central and western Europe. They are drawing on Russian prisoners of war and on the native population. Four out of every five women under 50 years of age in occupied Russia have been harnessed for hard physical labor. Children 12 years old and up—sometimes even younger—must put in a full day's work.

Thus we see the Fortress Europe, as envisioned in the Jodl Plan, protected in the West by a formidable triple chain of fortifications from the North Cape of Norway to the Spanish border, now being augmented by similar ramparts along the French and Italian Mediterranean coasts to Greece; defended in the East by a belt of hedgehog defenses on the Russian front maintained by the Wehrmacht with a prodigious sprinkling of satellite soldiery and pushed forward gradually year after year; in the center, the huge sweatshop of a continent at war; and, to feed and maintain that sweatshop, an Arsenal of the East based on ruthless exploitation of the soil and its children.

Plainly, the key to German staying power lies in the East. As the Russian winter offensive demonstrated, this key is still anything but safe. It is for this reason that Russian successes have given the Nazis an acute case of the jitters—more so than the American and British operations in North Africa. It is also for this reason that the Wehrmacht is now gathering every ounce of its still formidable striking power for an all-out effort at crushing Russia this coming summer.

For, if the Russians should penetrate the Arsenal of the East and seriously impair its output, Hitler well knows, and planner Jodl agrees, that over the entire Nazi show the final curtain is bound to fall.



ONE glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz
Will show why he's getting the biz!...
Lend War Bonds your cash—
Help Uncle Sam smash
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

SHIPS FOR THE SHOWDOWN

(Continued from page 13)

Red tape has been ruthlessly slashed when it delayed building progress, labor steadily became more and more productive—the Allied marine industry has produced materials and accessories.

From the launching of the program, the shipbuilders have had a daily diet of urgent and troublesome problems. First they had to train hundreds of thousands of new workers, train them to a point where they became skilled and useful workers. They had to pull old and experienced men off production to teach the new men. Never has a nation witnessed a training program as fast, as efficient, as clear-cut as that of the shipbuilders. Earn and learn! That's what the new men did and a man who showed ability was—and is!—"upgraded" as they call it, into the higher wage earning brackets when ready for such progress.

The training problem proved several things: that Americans are adaptable—that mostly they have a workable educational background and that Americans are still ambitious to get ahead, to earn more because they can produce more.

It wasn't so long ago that American shipbuilding consumed no more than two per cent of the finished steel plates made by the steel industry. Today, it is the Number 1 steel customer.

Shipbuilding methods, under the grave urgency of production pressure, have been revised and improved. Riveting has been largely supplanted by welding because it's faster, makes a better joint and a stronger and lighter ship. Pre-assembly methods were adopted. Parts of ships were built in units, terrifically large and impressive units, too—brought to the point of assembly by a variety of cranes, dropped accurately and gently into place. Time was when a traveling crane or a gantry crane with a 15-ton capacity was considered tops. The shipbuilding industry tossed tradition and trade practice to the four winds and made cranes capable of lifting fifty or seventy tons with ease. Certain yards have gone the limit and have special facilities for lifting as much as 250 tons. Pre-assembly methods, coupled with crane improvements, paved the way for amazing production records. As a result, two to three times more ships can be built per shipway than were built in World War No. 1. Liberty Ships are built in yards laid out and designed for that express purpose.

Shipyards literally dot areas where you might not expect them. The West Coast figures importantly. Great Lakes shipyards are making a great contribution; the yards of the deep South are again important factors. River shipyards which have not made a combat

vessel since the Civil War are turning out combat ships on assembly lines. In numbers, too! Down Pittsburgh way, on the Ohio River, they launch submarine chasers sideways because the river is too narrow for standard launchings. The darned things are so fast that they don't dare use the engines to their full power on the river; the chasers have to be taken to deeper water by tugs. If they were used at full power the whirling propeller would tear things loose along river banks.

How many ships can these American yards turn out? Plenty! The Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee stated recently that there were now building in 255 American shipyards, 3,448 naval vessels of combat, auxiliary, patrol and other types, as well as 11,659 smaller vessels, such as harbor craft, barges and smaller auxiliaries. That's over 15,000 naval craft alone!

In addition: there are also building approximately 2,300 more ships of variegated merchant marine types.

And an unannounced number of harbor and seagoing tugs, coastal cargo carriers, coastal tankers and barges of various types! Extensive use of outboard motors is being made in the transport of men and cargo, one of the most effective being a four-cylinder, 50 horsepower machine attached to a Storm Boat. A somewhat smaller engine of the same type is used by the

British Commandos, while a third four-cylinder outboard motor is used successfully on rubber boats which transport men and bombs to planes.

It sounds like a whale of a program. It is!

But we need ships and if you doubt the urgency of keeping tonnage production stepped up, consider that it is estimated that the equivalent of five hundred 10,000-ton ships will be required for transporting 500,000 fighting men and equipment to possible fighting areas in the Pacific—and the constant services of 300 more ships will be needed to keep them supplied.

Transport a million fully equipped men to any possible scene of action in the Atlantic and there will be a need for a thousand ships of 10,000 tons each. Two hundred ships will be constantly busy keeping these men supplied.

A lot of ships? Yes, but it still does not make allowances for the vessels needed to carry lend-lease aid to forty-one countries, counting the British Dominions and India separately, and including all twenty American Republics.

Every new front that is opened and held open, places new and imperative demands on shipping and the shipbuilding industry.

A goal of eight million deadweight tons of commercial ships in 1942 was set up by the President. That goal was met;



"Just think—three weeks ago all this was just a trainload of scrap from Jersey City."



Triple-Threat TO THE AXIS!



**FIRE-POWER IS THE KIND OF POWER HITLER UNDERSTANDS
—THE KIND THAT WILL EVENTUALLY BEAT HIM
—THE KIND THAT OLDSMOBILE IS TURNING OUT TODAY!**

HIGH ABOVE the frozen tundras of an Arctic battleground, *aerial cannon* thunder into action. Deep in the mud of an African no-man's land, *tank cannon* blaze the way for a hard-fought offensive. Under the tropical palms of a South Pacific base, *anti-aircraft cannon* raise their deadly umbrella of "flak." On every front, American fire-power is helping beat the Axis at its own deadly game.

Oldsmobile's assignment is to help produce this fire-power. To build automatic cannon for America's planes . . . long-range, high-velocity cannon for her tanks . . .

shot and shell for her anti-aircraft guns and other hard-hitting weapons. To make it possible for our boys overseas to have the *most fire-power* and the *best fire-power*. With the aid of more than 130 sub-contractors, these assignments are being accomplished . . . *fast*.



You, too, can be a threat to the Axis—invest in U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A. ★

and remember, that does not include naval vessels. The industry today can produce sixteen million deadweight tons of shipping in 1943. We will need it.

Its ability to produce this staggering total, however, hinges on two factors: the allocation and delivery of a sufficient quantity of material and equipment and the preservation of its staff of employes against the drains of the Selective Service and voluntary enlistments.

Up to December 31, 1942, a total of 592 Liberty Ships had been built and, in addition, more than 150 other sea-going craft were built. The average time from laying keel to delivery was cut from the 241 days required last January to 55 days in a recent month. That's moving fast, America! And it's going to move faster.

The repair business, carried on by these same shipyards, is vital in an

extraordinary manner. Each year thousands of ships limp and crawl into American shipyards, ships that have encountered mines, bombs, torpedoes, icebergs and all sorts of collision catastrophies—just barely able to make port, some of them. They come into dry dock and the shiprepair workers swarm over them almost instantly. Many ships probably listed by the Axis as total losses, are soon ready for the sea again, completely repaired. Ships actually blown in half by Axis subs, have been raised, towed to port and the ship surgeons literally sew the sections together—and the ship is again ready for service before long.

Repair jobs are completed in an astonishingly short time. Two companies, last year, turned out 12,000 completed ship-repair jobs. Every job is about the equivalent of a new ship launched, too. A disabled ship is a helpless and useless

bulk of steel having no more utility than a sunken vessel—until it is fully repaired and delivered for service.

Conversion—that's another job of the shiprepair people. They take a luxury liner and in a short time it becomes one of the world's crack transports; they will, if necessary, lengthen a ship simply by cutting it in half, putting in an entirely new section which is welded to the other hull sections. A yacht becomes a seaplane tender; a cargo ship is converted to an ammunition ship—there's no limit to the ingenuity of the shiprepair people. And the same types and classes of workmen, the same tools and equipment are used in the repair of ships that are used in their construction.

Men working! Look out, Berlin, Rome, Tokyo! The ships for the showdown, followed by the knockout, are coming—and SOON.

WITH INFANTRY SUPPORT

(Continued from page 5)

to put the hill between it and the storm of ack ack. Its smoke trail was black now, boiling, and yellow flame sheathed its fuselage. The tortured flight passed above Porter. Behind him. He turned to keep it in view and saw the Stuka's plunge, violent, final.

The desert erupted a volcano of fire, smoke, earth, that hammered John Porter down, sledged breath from him.

He spat astringent dust, beat blindly at the ground. He thrust at the ground, shoved up to his knees, dragged a sand-clotted sleeve across his eyes. He looked down there where he'd climbed from. He saw the deep, blackened crater the plane's bombs had dug when it struck. He saw a tangled mess of metal, distorted out of all resemblance to the shape of the plane—

Or of the jeep on which the plane had fallen.

That was all. Nothing moved down there. No one.

After awhile Porter got wearily to his feet. Nothing now to take him back down, he might as well finish his climb.

The gray hillside shimmered in the heated air. His calves, thighs, the small of his back, were a single dull ache. It reminded him of the time, just after the last war, when he'd clambered with Jim Haley along a six-inch rock shelf clinging to a sheer wall of Mt. Le Comte, in the Smokies. Then he'd had to fight to keep his eyes from dropping down the precipice to the "Rhododendron Hell" that tugged at him from a terrible thousand feet below.

Now it was his thoughts he had to fight from yielding to the pull of that blackened hole in the desert.

There was silence under the brazen bowl of the sky, silence behind him and

below, a still and empty silence beyond the hilltop he'd almost reached. John Porter knew better than to show himself on the skyline. He let himself down, hugged the crumbling dirt, crawled over the summit—and froze.

Gray with phosphate dust, the hump of a Boche helmet showed just above

down past it, down the gentler slope beyond. His brow knitted.

The hill he'd climbed stretched in a long crescent and another ridge, concave to it about two miles off, formed the other wall of a barren valley. Perhaps a mile to his left was a narrow space where the two heights did not quite



"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn . . ."

the jagged edge of a furrow scored by some long ago freshet.

Porter was a clod, part of the hill and as still, but his throat was clamped on breath, his fingers on the butt of his holstered revolver. Metal clinked, a tinny sound.

The helmet moved a little. Something in the way it moved told him its owner had not seen him. He let his look slide

meet, and almost opposite him was a saddle that made the valley's only other practicable exit.

Just where the terrain started to lift to this pass, Porter saw a medium tank, American by the lines of it. Dwarfed by distance, it was motionless and its turret was bashed in, the long gun at an awkward and impossible angle.

The tank was dead and nearer an-



Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"It was swell of you to invite us over" . . .

"Say, where on earth did you get that roast beef?"

"We've tried every butcher shop in town!"

AS food shortages grow more acute—due to wartime needs—people are really beginning to practice that famous slogan, "SHARE THE MEAT."

All over America, families are reviving the half-forgotten custom of "Sunday Night Supper"—rediscovering how much fun it is to "club together" with their neighbors

"I'll bring scalloped potatoes."

"I'll bring the salad and rolls."

"We'll bring coffee if you'll bring sugar and cream . . ."

Yes, life these days is less pretentious—and more neighborly—as people adjust themselves to the new wartime routine.

In this wholesome revival of old-fashioned hospitality, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

The "softer" and "kindlier" taste of Pabst Blue Ribbon is achieved by a special Pabst process known as *Full-Flavor Blending*. Not just 3, nor 5, nor 7 or 8 brews—but no less than 33 delicious brews are blended into this great Pabst masterpiece.

Full-Flavor Blending enables you to enjoy, for the first time, all the delicious taste tones of a "complete" beer. You'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon thirst-quenching . . . deeply satisfying.

There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Now more than ever—
A Symbol of Friendly
Companionship



*In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.*



Look out for those "Night Shift Blues"

WAR WORK—especially on the night shift—nervous excitement and hosly lunch-box meals, sometimes upset your digestion.

When it happens to you, be gentle with your stomach . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh, drastic physics!

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of Unguentino*

Norwich



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

other was canted on its side. Not far from that a huge, steel-sided troop-carrier truck's hood was smashed as by the blow of some incredible hammer. Behind a swelling shoulder of the hill from which Porter took in all this in a single, sweeping glance, four other tanks were huddled and these seemed undamaged.

Tracks scored in the almost level valley floor completed the tale for him. The tank column had come into the valley through the opening at the left, had made for the pass ahead. The leader had almost reached it before guns hidden on the farther ridge opened up.

Undoubtedly camouflaged against aerial reconnaissance, those guns commanded exit and entrance as well. Where they'd sought cover the tanks that had lived through the initial ambush might hold out until other Stukas came to destroy them, but they could not escape the cunning trap.

A murmur of voices brought Porter's attention sharply back to the gully above whose lip he'd spotted the helmet. It was gone now. Porter couldn't make out what the Jerries were saying, but he could tell there were more than two.

They're there, he thought, to cut off any attempt of the trapped tankmen to abandon their vehicles and escape over the hill. The corner of his mouth twitched as he slid his gun from its holster and started crawling.

After awhile he was near enough to lob a couple of grenades into that gully, if he had any . . . "Why don't we do somethin', Sarge?" he heard.

"What the hell is there for us to do, Brooklyn?" Bitter laughter twisted in John Porter's chest. "We're just lousy infantry." In his first startled glimpse of that helmet he'd forgotten how much like the Nazi tin had the new issue was. That shape still meant "Boche" to him. "All we're supposed to do," the unseen sergeant was growling, "we're supposed to support the tanks. That's what we're doing. We're supporting 'em while they squat on their fannies, doing nothing."

"Lousy infantry's right," another voice groused. "I still got sores on the back of my shoulders from lugging those damn cans of gas ashore. We're a bunch of pack mules, that's what we are. A blooming bunch of — Uh, uh! We've got company."

The Garand's blue-black barrel spouted pointblank into John Porter's face. He held hands high, grinned. "Save it, buddy." There was sudden death in the dust-rimmed eyes under the grim helmet. "I'm Porter. Corps HQ."

"Says you."

"All right, Joe. I'll take over." The sergeant was lank, black-haired. "What are you doing here?" His left hand was wrapped in a bloody bandage, but Porter could tell it had no fingers. "Talk quick."

"I was driving a press correspondent

to Birl el Ngem." He went on, about the wild sighting shot that had stopped the jeep, about the Stuka that had demolished it. Only when he was through and squatting in the gully with the four soldiers who were all that were left of the troop carrier's complement, did he realize that they didn't know his rank.

He wasn't wearing his bars. Even at the base there were snipers who preferred officers as targets. That was one thing that was the same as twenty-six years ago.

He pulled off his cap to mop his brow. "I'll be damned," the one called Brooklyn grunted. "I didn't think they'd brought any uh you gray-haired old coots along on this little picnic."

Was that "retread" business going to start again?" "Hell, buddy," Porter shrugged. "Gray hair comes early in my family. Mine was like this when I was twenty."

"Come off it." Brooklyn was a ferret-faced, knowing youngster. "This is the second time yuh pulled that 'buddy', 'pal, an' that's straight out uh the last war."

"Okay." Porter spread his hands, defeated. "You're right, I was in that. The Hundred and Umphth Infantry, D Company."

"Infantry." Henry Wilson caught at the word. He pushed fingers through his flame-red thatch of hair, his face freckled under the grime. "I'll bet the infantry was soldiers in that war. I'll bet they wasn't no cockeyed bunch of pack mules."

"You're right," Porter said. "We were soldiers. We didn't sit around beefing when a machine gun nest or concealed battery gummed up the works. We did something about it."

"Yeh." Joe was squat, sultry-eyed. "Yeh, I used to hear the fat-chewers pull that kind of hooley times I'd go over to my old man's Legion Post, but you put 'em in a spot like we're in' what would they of done, huh?"

"Do you really want me to tell you, Joe?" Porter asked, silkily. "Do you?" Then, without waiting for an answer, "We wouldn't have asked for anything better than five good men, four rifles and a bag of Mills bombs like that one I see there."

"They ain't Mills bombs, they're something twice as good." Joe's voice was abruptly as eager as the faces of the others. "Okay, pop. What would you of done, for instance? Suppose yuh tell us."

John Porter told them.

JOHN PORTER was cold, his teeth chattering like castanets. He hadn't gotten used yet to the way, when the swift equatorial sunset was over, the night would be as swiftly frigid with a chill that struck through to one's marrow. He was cold and he was deadly tired.

It wasn't more than two miles across the valley from where they'd started,



"When they reject you at that board, they really reject you!"

but around the ridges it was nearer ten that they'd come, moving speedily enough in the gullies but crawling, inch by inch, across the bare slopes between. The night hadn't brought darkness. A brilliant moon flooded the valley with a ghostly glow, surrounded the plodding quintette with sharp-edged, fantastic and menacing black shapes.

It must be, Porter estimated, nearly midnight. He shifted the bag of grenades to his left hand—the whole hazy scene blacked out, like a stage setting on which the electrician had pulled the master switch.

The moon had set. "Gees!" Brooklyn gasped. "Gees. Whadda you—?"

"Shut up!" Porter's fingers sank into the soldier's forearm. "You idiot," he murmured fiercely. "Do you want—?" and himself broke off. "Did you hear that?"

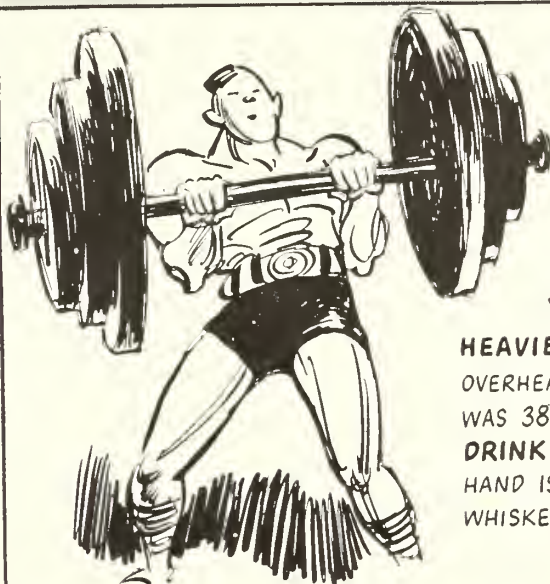
"Yeah," Brooklyn breathed. Distinct out of the black distance it came again the bark of an exhaust, and now another, and now a far-off but unmistakable clanking. "Yeah, I hear it. The tanks."

"They're moving. They're going to try a rush to get out."

"They can't." That was Sergeant Brown. "They haven't a prayer—" Light silenced him, the harsh, electric glare of a star shell suddenly floating high above the valley, striking into vivid relief the grotesquely awkward monsters waddling out from behind their shielding dune far across there. Striking into relief, below Porter and a little to the right, a long black barrel that seemed to explode out of the bright hillside, that in the next instant did explode in flat, hammer-blow thunder.

Helmeted men swarmed about the gun and its brother. The guns pounded again and out in the valley dust puffed, near but not near enough the first tank. Dust-puffs again, plain in the star shell's cruel

Famous Highs ^{by} C.A. Voight



Lifting high!

HEAVIEST WEIGHT EVER LIFTED OVERHEAD BY ANY MAN'S HANDS WAS 382 POUNDS! **SMOOTHEST DRINK** EVER LIFTED BY ANY MAN'S HAND IS TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"



Bronc-busting high!

AN ARIZONA COWBOY **TAMED** A WILD-EYED BRONC IN 3 MIN. 2/10 SEC. . . A FEAT ALMOST AS REMARKABLE AS THE WAY **HIRAM WALKER** KEEPS "ROUGH EDGES" OUT OF SUCH A ROBUST **STRAIGHT** BOURBON AS TEN HIGH.

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

glare, bracketed the tanks as their own guns spat, bright yellow, in answer.

"Now!" Porter barked, but a Garand's crack, crack beat him by a split second and down there a gun pointer toppled from his iron saddle and a shell passer crumpled. "Yeeow!" Henry yowled, pumping lead into that fair target, "Yeeow!" his helmet shoved back on his head from flame-red hair.

But now there was answering fire from the Germans, their first surprise passed, and the roar of the guns and the thin whine of bullets all about Porter, and someone lurched against him, thudded down, hair red in the brilliance of another star shell.

John Porter had something hard, cold, in the hand that had been fumbling in the bag he'd carried all that long way. His arm was lifting up and back, stiff,

straight in the long, easy swing it suddenly recalled out of the mists of twenty-six years, way back and now swung forward—

Something slapped him in the chest. Something seared, red-hot, across his cheek but his arm swept down before he fell, swept down and loosed the grenade and even as he sprawled he saw its orange burst, down there among the Boches.

His sight blurred, but fumbling in the bag he had another bomb out, was groping blindly for its pin—fingers closed on it. He fought them, heard, "Lemme have it, pop."

With an effort he saw it was the sergeant, let him have the grenade, saw the sergeant's arm sweep back, straight and stiff, saw it sweep forward, Porter passed another bomb up to him, and

another, before he sank into the mists.

John Porter came up out of the mists to the wavering radiance of a flashlight that threw queer shadows upward on Brooklyn's sharp-featured, ferret's face. Porter's lips moved soundlessly but the question must have showed in his eyes because Brooklyn answered it.

"Wiped out," Brooklyn said. "We wiped out the whole caboodle an' the tanks are goin' through." Somewhere near, the clank of caterpillar tracks was loud. "With the support," Brooklyn said, "uh the infantry."

Porter felt his mouth twist into a crooked smile. "Yuh're the cats, pop," Brooklyn said. "You're hell on wheels—buddy."

"Retread," Captain John Porter got out. His eyes closed, wearily. But the crooked smile stayed on his cracked lips.

WATCHED TREES DON'T BURN

(Continued from page 17)

were put to work adding to the network of roads and trails by which men and equipment are taken quickly to remote points in the woods. The number of lookouts was more than doubled, until there is now scarcely a spot of forest land in the two States that cannot be seen, in clear weather, from one mountain peak or another.

Because weather forecasts were forbidden by the armed forces—even a big rain or wind is not reported in local newspapers until the event is 48 hours in the past—arrangements were made with the Weather Bureau to supply forecasts direct to the forest departments in code, a distinct gripe to veteran wardens who thought of codes as something that appeared only in pulp-paper fiction.

By April 15, 1942, when the forest fire season officially began, the protection agencies in the Pacific Northwest had done just about all in their power to be ready for whatever might come.

One more thing remained, and that was the public, the great, good-natured, careless, unthinking public which is responsible for as many as 5000 forest fires a year in the two States. Just before the season began, T. S. Goodyear, Washington's state forester, made a statement that covered the situation pretty well and which has since been widely used in all parts of the United States.

"Any man-caused forest fire this year," said Forester Goodyear, a forthright man, "is an Axis fire, of aid and comfort to the enemy. We plan to treat persons who are responsible for such fires accordingly."

Goodyear also told Washington citizens that if they were careful of fire in the woods, then state wardens could concentrate on the imminent danger of Jap incendiaries.

For two years previously a program of education to "Keep the Northwest Green" had been going on. Now it was stepped up, enlarged, to meet the added danger of fires set by the enemy or his agents. Newspapers, radio, schools, clubs, sportsmen's associations, department stores, railroads, bus lines, law enforcement officers, the Grange—every possible avenue of appeal and approach was used to warn the public that Every Forest Fire is an Axis Fire.

The fact was stressed that lumberjacks could not be producing much-

needed logs if they had to stop to fight fire.

It was stressed also that smoke in the air would aid the enemy to approach our shores unseen, either in the air or under the sea; and would at the same time hinder the interceptor work of our own forces.

In Oregon, youngsters were organized into the Green Guards, with captains, lieutenants and other ratings. They formed local companies, were given training by foresters, and were active throughout the fire season in keeping



LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"You'd better bring an anti-tank gun and a bag of peanuts."

One of the important uses of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" portable radio batteries by our armed forces is to furnish power for "walkie-talkies" (portable 2-way field radios). Because the armed forces are taking all we can make, there are none available for civilians.



the awareness of danger always before their elders—who need just such a treatment.

In Washington The American Legion made forest protection one of its foremost activities. Working closely with the State Forest Defense Council, Fred Fueker, Department Adjutant, appointed a Forest Marshal in each of the 170 Posts. When he became Major Fred Fueker of the United States Army and left for service, his post was taken by J. Jay Long, who has kept the ball rolling in grand style.

Most of the Post forest marshals were very generous of their time. They took to the radio and the press to hammer warnings constantly at the public. They formed snag-felling parties of strong men who went to the woods that surround small communities and chopped and sawed down the old snags, the dry, dead trees which in case of fire are always the worst spreaders of the flames.

The American Legion forest marshals also made surveys of all possible fire-fighting equipment in their communities and held practice drills during which the apparatus was assembled. In one small community, in the space of less than half an hour, the following reported at the Post hall ready for duty: 64 Legionnaires and 47 other civilians, with 14 pickup trucks, 8 large trucks, 16 automobiles, 10 crosscut saws, 50-odd

axes, 22 shovels, two pumps, approximately 1000 feet of hose, and 30 water buckets.

What is more, most of these men knew how to use axes and saws on a forest fire, which is no small feat. This crew and equipment could have handled any small fire without outside help, and could have at least stemmed a major fire until regular crews arrived from the state forestry department. That they didn't have to do so was due only to weather, lack of Jap planes, and a vastly increased awareness of danger on the part of the public.

The Legion's drills of this sort were highly effective in keeping the public alert all summer. So were the talks given by Legionnaires over the air and at meetings. So were the scores of night patrols formed by Legionnaires to cruise the back roads after dark, looking for fire. These patrols found an even dozen fires, any one of which might well have been dangerous in another hour.

One of the big problems of 1942 was the influx of thousands of men from other States who came to work in the huge war industries of Oregon and Washington. Many came from regions where people commonly throw lighted cigarettes from automobiles in the hope they will burn up the roadside brush and cactus. It is against the law in Washington to toss lighted objects from

cars. A very good law it is and needed in a State where old and new forests line the highways for thousands of miles. Ferns grow ten feet tall along these roads, and become dry.

The influx of workers from other States last summer brought an immediate upward curve in roadside fires. The American Legion went into action. Working with Boy Scouts, Sons of the Legion, the Red Cross and other groups, it distributed 150,000 small bright Smokers' Warning cards at the gates of shipyards and airplane factories. These warnings were really distributed—given one at a time to individuals by a young lad who wore a Junior Forest Warden badge on his blouse. They were effective, too. Within one week roadside fires dropped almost to nothing.

Aiding this program, too, were Girl Scouts who made 100,000 Fag Bags of bright red cloth. These were distributed in many ways and never failed to give a careless smoker pause. With his cigarettes in a bright red bag, he was automatically warned by the color and the message "Keep Washington Green," when he reached for a fag.

When the 1942 fire season was over, the Forest Defense Councils of the two States could take stock. The result: Man-caused fires were at the lowest mark since records were kept.

As this is written, early in 1943, for-

est protection agencies of Oregon and Washington are laying plans for the coming fire season, which begins in April. Some of their plans are not to be discussed. But a continuation of the Keep the Northwest Green program is assured, and The American Legion in Washington will be more active than ever. In fact, it has been active all winter, for when the fall rains began the Legion decided that if education was good during the actual fire season, it would be good all year 'round.

James Stevens, the well-known author of *Paul Bunyan* and other books, an old logger himself and a member of Post No. 1, Seattle, was appointed Department Forest Marshal. Working with the 170 Post marshals, Stevens and Adjutant Long have been keeping the Junior Forest Warden groups active all winter. Many groups of youngsters were

taken to see the Forest Industry Tree Nursery where lumbermen themselves are growing 10,000,000 trees every year for transplanting on burned-over areas.

The Junior Wardens planted seeds in their own back yards under the direction of Forest Marshal Stevens and have watched the young sprouts pushing their tops upward. They have made field trips into the woods under guidance of foresters. They have been shown moving pictures of state forestry activities. They have read their Junior Forest Warden Manuals. They have earned marks and badges. They have learned and still are learning that forests will renew themselves naturally if fire is kept out.

These youngsters are learning what lumbermen at last learned at such cost—that timber is really a crop, to be harvested in cycles like grain. That's why lumbermen of Oregon and Wash-

ington are spending \$1,500,000 every year to keep fire out of the forests, both old and new, in order that timber may be the source of a permanent industry.

So, as the fire season of 1943 approaches, both Oregon and Washington are looking forward with interest and determination to the time when the skies are sunny, the humidity low, the woods again like tinder. Let the Japs come with their incendiary bombs. The forest protection agencies are ready.

They are ready, too, for the careless ones, the otherwise good Americans, who do not even yet seem to realize that the Pacific Northwest is producing the wooden sinews of war that no other part of the country can supply, or that a fire started by a good-natured fool can be just as dangerous as one started by a Jap bomb.

BRITAIN HAS A LEGION, TOO

(Continued from page 15)

story to tell about the exploits of his fellow Legionnaires. A warden had fallen here. A fire-watcher had been wounded there. He took me into the great caves burrowed in the famous white cliffs where I met other Legionnaires who were on duty as shelter marshals. He pointed out the spot where he himself had been wounded while digging a Methodist minister and his wife out of a buried Morrison shelter.

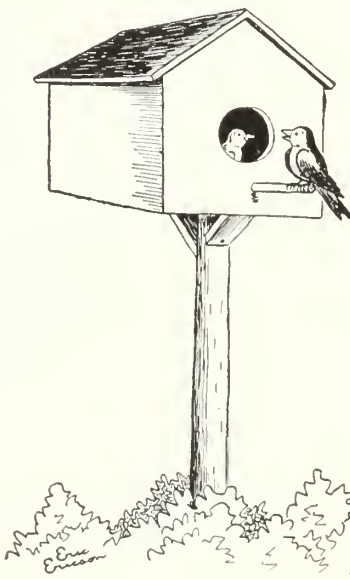
"You see most of us chaps in Dover have taken a bit of a knocking about," he said simply.

Knocking about, I decided, didn't half describe it, and I was even more convinced of the fact a little later when we sat down over two mugs of brown ale in a quaint old public house and he told me the full story of his Legion group. It was to me an extremely inspiring story.

Prior to September, 1939, the Dover Branch of the British Legion led a tranquil existence which was similar to that of thousands of Legion Posts in the United States. It had a membership of 500, it owned its own headquarters, and regular meetings were held once a month. Just before Armistice Day every year a poppy sale was conducted and all during the year the Branch engaged in benevolent, patriotic and civic activities. Socials were held in the winter and sometimes in the summer the Branch would charter a small steamer, cross the twenty-one miles of water which lies between Dover and France, and revisit the old battlefields where many of its members had fought between 1914 and 1918.

Hitler's march into Poland changed all that. Many of the younger members of the Branch went back into the Army or Navy. Others were no longer able

to attend meetings because of night jobs in war industry or night duty as ARP wardens or fire-watchers. As was the case in hundreds of other Branches, the active membership was cut sharply. That was nothing, however, compared to what was to come.



"I just got back from Washington, D. C.—every bird house was jammed!"

After the fall of France, Dover suddenly became the hottest spot in England. Enemy bombers swept in from the English Channel at all hours of the day and night and the Germans set up their famous long-range guns on the French coast. Literally thousands of tons of enemy metal rained down on the old town. Hardly a building escaped unscathed, many lives were lost and thousands of women and children were evacuated to safer areas. In spite

of this, the Legion Branch carried on.

While their homes fell around them, the members of the Branch collected the bent girders, pipes and iron fences for war salvage. They distributed food and clothing to the homeless. They continued to conduct regular meetings. They went right on helping deserving veterans of the last war to obtain aid.

Then, on a night in October, 1941, fifteen minutes before the members were to assemble for a regular meeting, a 14-inch shell plopped down in their headquarters and blew it to Kingdom Come. Two members were killed and all furniture and records destroyed as was the building itself. Bushels of poppies which had been stored there were scattered for blocks around.

Even that wasn't enough, however, to discourage Dover's Legionnaires. At daybreak the next morning they gathered around the still-smoking ruins of their headquarters and decided to carry on. They collected what poppies they could, the women members cleaned them, and in their poppy drive that year they actually collected more money than ever before in the history of the Branch.

That was a year and a half ago and the Dover Branch, like many other blitzed Branches throughout England, is still carrying on doggedly. Of the original 500 members of the Branch, Captain Cole estimates that about 200 have been killed or wounded or are absent on active service. Of those remaining in Dover, at least 95 percent are in active war work of some kind—most of them in the ARP, the Home Guard or the Fire-Fighters.

During a recent meeting in the living room of Captain Cole's home, the Big Berthas across the Channel started a bombardment of the town. The Legionnaires didn't let that disturb them for a

moment. They posted a lookout at an upstairs window and every time he saw a gun flash on the French coast he would count to eighty—the length of time it takes for a shell to cross the Channel—and call a warning. The Legionnaires would then flop on the floor and, after the shell had exploded, resume their deliberations.

Between shell bursts they mapped out a campaign for collecting old phonograph records, just as hundreds of Legion Posts have done in the States, and the drive has been remarkably successful. Motor vehicles are virtually unavailable to the civilian population of Dover, but by using wheelbarrows and perambulators the Legionnaires have collected a small mountain of old discs. I couldn't help wondering how many American Posts have done as well under much smaller difficulties.

In recent months, the Dover Branch also has rendered help to scores of homeless persons, given assistance to the families of men killed on active service, and inducted several disabled veterans of the present war into its ranks. The Dover Legionnaires do not comprise as large a group as they once did and, of course, social functions are out for the duration, but on a reduced scale this front line Branch is doing business as usual.

"We're nipping along," Captain Cole

said when we parted, "and you can tell our comrades in America that we'll still be nipping along when old Hitler is finished up."

The same thing could be said of practically all the 4,000 other Branches of the British Legion. Not many of them have taken as bad a beating as the Dover Branch, but there is hardly one which has not been subjected to wartime handicaps of one kind or another. They have stood the test. In spite of three and a half years of punishment, I found that the British Legion is not only carrying on but doing a bigger job today than ever before.

J. R. Griffin, National Secretary of the Legion, told me that in the face of reduced membership, the financial receipts from both subscriptions and poppy sales are higher now than they were before the war. Of the approximately 100,000 men mustered out of the armed forces for various reasons since the war began, 45,000 have joined the Legion. The Legion is continuing all of its peacetime charities and, in addition, recently completed plans for the opening of a second British Legion Village for the care of tubercular women.

In spite of its many achievements, however, the Legion is seldom in the limelight. At the beginning of the war, many people felt that the Home Guard—a most important body of troops in

Britain—should be recruited entirely from Legion personnel, but that did not prove feasible for several reasons and since that time the Legion has not attempted to act as a group in national defense but, rather, has followed its motto, "Service—Not Self," and urged its members to support all patriotic causes regardless of their sponsorship.

As a result, neither the Home Guard nor the ARP is directly identified with the Legion although tens of thousands of Legionnaires are serving with both organizations. The same holds true in Britain's many other wartime services. Legionnaires are in there battling in all of them but, like The American Legion, the British Legion today isn't fighting for glory—it is fighting for victory.

On the philanthropic front, the British Legion is doing an enormous job of helping the families of men in the armed services. Even in the remotest villages, the wife or widow of a soldier or sailor has only to call on the local Legion Branch to obtain prompt assistance or advice. The same kind of service is being given to men discharged from the services. The Legion is helping thousands of them to find jobs or to adjust claims with the government.

In the heavily-blitzed areas, the story is the same. The British Legion has provided invaluable assistance to the home-

Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Benjamin Rabbit has mastered the habit
Of rushing out work for the war.
And he married a maid who's the Number One aide
In the Motor Auxiliary Corps.

2. So they're wonderful mates with a merger of traits
That are happily matched for today.
And *here* is a clue to a whiskey for you—
It is CALVERT that's blended that way!



3. For CALVERT has lightness and richness and *rightness*
In a blending as mellow as chimes.
It's whiskey perfection—your wisest selection—
The Happiest Blend for the times!

BE WISE!



Clear Heads Choose
Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

less and suffering. When Exeter and Bath were bombed, the Legion rushed food, clothing and money to the stricken communities even before the fires had stopped burning. It has been the same everywhere. More than 7,000 cases of clothing, received from America, and many thousands of pounds in cash have been distributed by the Legion to the victims of Nazi bombings.

Then, as I mentioned before, the British Legion is probably doing as much as any other agency to improve Anglo-American friendship by extending real hospitality to the thousands of American soldiers who have reached British shores. It is doing this through a plan which is as clever as it is far-sighted.

Food is so closely rationed in England that most families have barely enough for themselves, and the average Legionnaire does not have money enough in his pocket to provide drinks or other entertainment for every American boy he meets, so they have put into effect the happier plan of opening their homes to our troops. Whenever American troops move into an area in any numbers, the chairman of the local Legion Branch calls on the American commanding officer and supplies him with a list of Legionnaires' homes where the Yanks may drop in at any time they feel like it and make themselves at home.

If the American soldier feels like taking a snooze on the sofa or warming his toes before the fire after a hard day's duty, he can do just that. If he wants to play the radio or take a book from the bookcase, he is welcome to do so. Or, if he is mechanically inclined and desires to fiddle around with the tools in the basement that is his privilege. The big thing is that the British Legionnaires realize how monotonous army life

can be in a strange country and they are trying to make our boys feel just as much at home in their houses as if they were their own sons.

From my own observations, I would say that the plan is working out beauti-



"Is this a trick question, Miss Murdock? I'm sure there is no such department in the government!"

fully. I met one American soldier, a farmer kid from Indiana, who was spending practically all his spare time cultivating a garden in the back yard of a Legionnaire's home, and another soldier who had made friends with the 8-year-old son of another Legionnaire and was having the time of his life building the child a toy tank in the garage of the Legionnaire's home.

In a similar fashion, thousands of other American soldiers are really getting acquainted with the English people through this widespread program of hospitality. For the first time in history, a large cross-section of the American population is learning to like the British; the British are certainly falling for them.

"The American soldiers are the best-behaved troops in England today," Mr. Griffin told me. "Almost every one of them is serving as an ambassador of good will."

If that is true, and I believe it is, the rank and file of the British Legion certainly deserve a generous share of the credit. Their hospitality to American troops, if nothing else, would make their vast wartime program worthwhile.

What does the future hold for these comrades of ours overseas?

I found opinion divided on that question. An enormous effort will be made after the war, of course, to bring the millions of demobilized fighting men and women into the British Legion, but many members feel that if such a program is to succeed it must offer more than the British Legion has been able to give its members in the past.

"A lot of us in England have always admired and envied you chaps in America," one Legionnaire told me. "You've always stood up and fought for the rights of ex-servicemen, but too often we Britishers have had to go to our Ministries cap in hand and say 'thank you' even when we didn't get our just dues. The youngsters coming out of this war won't stand for that kind of thing."

I think he was at least partially right. More than one British soldier with whom I talked said, in effect: "Dad got pretty rough treatment after the last war. That's not going to happen to me. If the Legion will get me just treatment, I'll join it. If it won't, I'll join something that will."

Meanwhile, I can report that our friends in the British Isles are doing a magnificent wartime job. Like the embattled Branch at Dover, the whole British Legion is nipping along in style.

GYRENE'S COMPANION

(Continued from page 11)

electrified Americans when it was made public last winter. Barney, caught in a foxhole at Guadalcanal with three wounded comrades who were no longer able to fight, refused to leave them. From the rim of the foxhole he operated his rifle, using up his ammunition and that of his companions. Later in the night when two soldiers stumbled into the foxhole with him he took their ammunition too and held off the Japs during the hours of darkness. He killed ten of the Nipponese soldiers who tried to get at him, and kept up such a withering and terribly accurate fire that the Japs in the trenches in front of him scarcely dared lift their heads above the mounds of earth that protected them.

Barney Ross, though new to the Marines, had absorbed all of the Marine traditions of marksmanship. In his training as a "boot" he had learned to look

upon his rifle as a part of himself, as important to him as his left hand had been in ring days. He learned to use it as effectively as he had learned to use his left in boxing. The result was that when he had to depend upon his skill with that other half of him he not only was able to protect his own life but that of three wounded companions. For that he was recommended for special recognition, which meant more to Barney than any boxing championship he had ever held.

HUNDREDS of rounds of ammunition will be fired by the Marine "boot" before he is finally allowed to fire "for record," and attempts to qualify for the coveted grade of expert or the lesser grades of sharpshooter or marksman and win the distinguishing badge that goes with such attainment. For a recorded score he will fire fifty

shots from various positions and at various ranges and different speeds of fire. The shots will be fired in strings of five and hits and misses will be scored by the markers in the butts.

Each bull's-eye will count five, with other hits counting less of course, making it possible for the Marine to achieve a perfect score of 250. If he makes a score of 226 or over he achieves an expert rating. If he makes up a score between 216 and 225 he is rated as a sharpshooter and anything above 196 qualifies him as a marksman. It is interesting to know that there are few Marines in any branch of the service who have not at least acquired a marksman's badge, though they may have such non-combat jobs as clerks, garage mechanics or even cooks.

Major General George F. Eliot, who was Commandant of the Marine Corps from 1903 to 1910, was responsible more

than anyone else for the efforts to weld the Marine and his rifle into a fighting team. It was he who instituted many of the present day practices that are responsible for making every Marine a crack shot. It was he too who developed the plan of forming rifle teams and arranged to have Marine teams enter the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, where they have made such a remarkable record.

General Eliot made practice shooting for the Marine a "must" in every sense of the word. Progressive monthly raises in pay were made on the basis of a Marine's shooting ability and competition was organized among the Marines themselves for trophies and honors, the greatest of which was that of representing the Marine Corps as a member of the All-Marine Team that would go to the competition at Camp Perry.

The result of all this was that for years before war intervened a tremendous number of local and divisional rifle matches were carried on all the time. Every ship's detachment, navy yard guard, and every individual Marine from clerk to baker was required to shoot the regulation rifle course "for record." And of course pride in the Marine Corps made every man practice and train himself to shoot to the best of his ability. The reward for consistently high scores was a place on the team representing the particular outfit to which the Marine was attached.

It is interesting to know that the present Commandant of the Marine Corps, Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, is a product of this system of competitive shooting. In 1901, as a second lieutenant, he won a place as a member of the Marine Corps Rifle Team that took part in the National Rifle Matches at Sea Girt, New Jersey. The following year he also made the team and became such an outstandingly good shot that he was made a member of the team selected to represent the United States in the international competition when the matches were held up north in Ottawa, Canada.

On this occasion the international match was won by the team representing Great Britain but the then young Lieutenant Holcomb with remarkable shooting was credited with the highest individual score of the match and became the world's champion long-distance shot, achieving a gold medal and many other honors. The following year he was also selected to become a member of the United States team to represent this country in international competition for the Palma Trophy in England. And here, thanks to Lieutenant Holcomb's excellent shooting and that of the other members of the team, the United States carried off top honors and won the trophy in competition with the best teams from England, Canada, France, Australia, South Africa and Norway.



Taking the Jeeps over the Jumps!

PRODIGIOUS jumpers that they are, our fighting Jeeps still can't jump broad rivers. So the Army's resourceful Engineers find still another job for their Evinrudes! Huge rubber rafts are bridged in tandem . . . Jeeps and troops are loaded aboard . . . husky Evinrudes sing their deep-throated song of power . . . and quickly the Jeeps are over another jump!

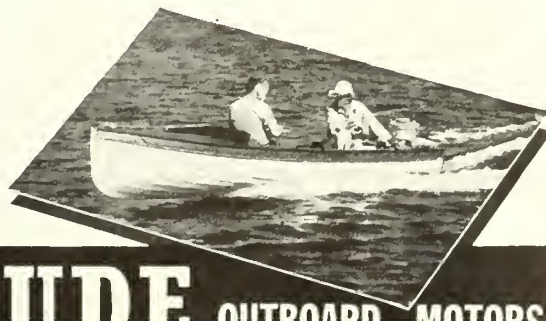
Giving a lift to the leaping Jeeps is but one of many wartime jobs which Evinrudes are performing today. For Evinrudes are *enlisted for the duration* . . . in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps. Great Evinrude "Fours" power swift assault craft, landing boats and lighters. Evinrudes help build bridges, ferry supplies, troops, equipment. Mountbatten's famed Commandos know their power, rugged reliability and trigger-quick starting ease.

All the experience gained in 33 years of building fine outboards is centered on our assignment to build Evinrudes for the armed services. Knowledge of some of the tasks these motors must perform is an ever-pressing incentive to build them finer . . . and still finer! *After Victory*, there will again be Evinrudes for all who love the water . . . sparkling new Evinrudes whose performance will ably reflect many advancements achieved in their fighting forebears!

EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

★ *Invest in America! Every War Bond you buy helps speed the day at Victory. Then, good fishing to you.*



EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET YOURSELF A GARDEN

(Continued from page 8)

fertilizer is available from the dealers. This fertilizer is probably the best that we can get during the wartime emergency, for the supply of chemical nitrogen is somewhat curtailed in comparison with last year because of war requirements. Some tools are scarce, but this is



"We're having a conference to-night to consider post-war plans!"

not a great hindrance, as a spade or turning fork, a hoe, a rake, and stakes and a cord are the only essential equipment needed for a small garden.

Those in cities who do not have a suitable space for vegetables should seek community allotment gardens on residential outskirts or vacant industrial property and develop garden plots large enough to grow vegetables for home consumption throughout the season.

City and suburban residents who aren't in a position to have gardens

frequently can still contribute to the food for freedom program by raising backyard poultry. Chickens can thrive on space that is too shady or too poor for vegetables. If local zoning regulations permit, small flocks capable of supplying the family with all or part of its poultry meat and eggs are worthwhile.

Rabbits also can be raised in fairly close quarters, such as the limited space available to many city and suburban dwellers.

Those attempting backyard poultry or rabbits should be prepared, as in the case of Victory Gardens, to devote the necessary time, patience, and effort to insure the success of such undertakings.

In towns and rural areas, schools are being asked to plant gardens of their own. These should be planned and managed on a scale large enough to make available abundant supplies of fresh and processed vegetables for school lunches, and plans should be made to follow through in caring for them after schools are out in summer.

Experienced gardeners can perform a valuable service not only in growing larger and better gardens themselves, where possible, but in giving aid and encouragement to new gardeners. Many city people probably will be trying their hands at growing a vegetable garden for the first time. With all the help they can get from seed dealers and nurserymen, and from the publications issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and State agriculture colleges, they also will need the practical suggestions of old-timers backed by long experience.

In planning Victory Gardens, here are some points to remember: In general, Victory Gardeners are asked to make their gardens big enough to produce all or a substantial part of the family's needs

for fresh and preserved vegetables. Such gardens will be more than spare-time hobbies—they will make their weight felt in adding to the nation's food stocks and thus strike a blow to help win the war.

The garden should be planned to produce maximum quantities of the vegetables highest in nutritional value, particularly the leafy green vegetables, yellow vegetables, and tomatoes. All of these can be grown so successfully in most areas and they yield so abundantly that each Victory Gardener should aim at enough to take care of family needs in full.

In the case of farm gardens, whether the vegetables are grown in separate garden plots or field rows, enough should be produced to supply the family with all the vegetables it can use this year, both to be eaten fresh and to be canned, brined, dried, or stored for fall and winter use. Extra supplies should be grown wherever possible for nearby markets. In addition, every farm where climate and water supplies permit should have small fruits, grapes, and fruit trees to provide in the next few seasons a full supply of fresh, dried, and canned fruits for family use.

Above all, remember that gardening in 1943 should be undertaken with a genuine sense of responsibility and determination to follow the effort through to a worthwhile conclusion. Gardening offers many persons an interesting outdoor activity at a time when the normal forms of recreation are somewhat limited, as well as the opportunity for a serious contribution to our wartime food program. Once a start is made, be prepared to work the Victory Garden faithfully. The situation is such that we cannot afford to have seed, fertilizers, insecticides, and manpower wasted this year.

The Thunderbolt fighter plane which the capital city of Connecticut presented to the Army following a whirlwind drive to raise \$50,000 for that purpose. Hartford Legionnaires had a prominent part in the campaign and in the ceremonies at Brainard Field, at which the plane was dedicated by Mrs. Gordon Sterling, mother of the first Hartford boy to die in the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor



LAMBERT FAIRCHILD, perennial Chaplain of Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City, and acting deputy aide to the vice chief observer, Observation Post No. 1, Aircraft Warning Service, atop the Empire State Building, spins his favorite yarn about the passing of a character-about-town.

"So your dear, dear husband has departed this life," said the unctuous undertaker, dry-washing his hands. "Then you'll be wanting a plot and one of our satin-lined caskets with solid silver handles—the last tribute of respect, you know."

"Sure, I'm after wantin' no plot and no casket," the widow cut in. "Its cree-maated Clancy is goin' to be."

"Then let me show you an urn for the ashes," insisted the suave mortician. "We have a beautiful urn for only—"

"An urn it is—for a man who nivr did earn a day's wages since he married me," snorted the relict indignantly. "No, Mr. Mortician, if that be yer name, cree-ma-ate him and get me an hour glass for thim ashes. Glory be! Clancy is goin' to wor-rk at last!"

LEGIONNAIRE John Fischer of Melin-Romer Post of Chicago tells one about the lad who saw a bunch of soldiers marching down the street. "Look at 'em, dad!" he yelled. "Where's ma?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair," replied the father.

"What's the matter around here?" complained the lad. "Can't we afford a flag?"

COLONEL JULIEN C. HYER, now with the 8th Service Command at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, says that in the early days of the present war he had a rookie clerk who sent a penciled memo to his desk asking the location of an officer who had been recently transferred. The information not being readily available, the Colonel scribbled "Shangri-La" on the sheet and sent it back to the clerk. An hour later the clerk appeared. "Colonel," he said, "I can't find any town by the name of Shangri in Louisiana!"

A YOUNG squirt was trying to impress a group with his knowledge and importance, writes Legionnaire E. B. Trotter of Paoli, Indiana. "Do you know anything about nitrates?" queried one of the group.

"Certainly," replied the wise guy. "They're cheaper than day rates."

DURING the old World War one of the National Guard regiments in training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, drew a lot of replacements from the Southern area, says E. L. Sampson of Eph Boggs Post, Williamson, West Virginia. One of the new men was assigned to a company before going through the customary basic drill course. At the first company formation after he joined the rookie was a bit confused. He shuffled around a while and finding no convenient place yelled: "Cap'n, Cap'n, where mus' I stood?"

"Stood where yo' dam is!" bellowed the captain in his best parade ground voice.

T

HIS FAMOUS

LABEL TELLS

ITS OWN

STORY



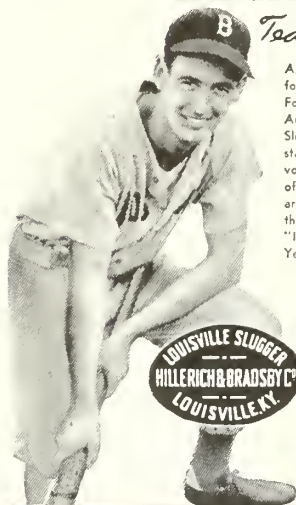
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Famous
OLD FORESTER
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A. L. Batting Champion for 1942 knows his bats!—For Ted has been using Autographed Louisville Sluggers ever since he started to play. Ted's favorite Model and those of a dozen other Sluggers are at your dealer's. Look them over. He'll give you "1943 Famous Slugger Year Book", too.

If your dealer does not have this interesting book send 5c in stamps or coin to Dept. L-21, Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.,

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FOR BASEBALL AND SOFTBALL

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Try this Wonderful Treatment for Pile Suffering FREE

If you are troubled with itching, bleeding or protruding piles, write for a FREE sample of Page's Combination Treatment and you may bless the day you read this. Don't wait, WRITE TODAY.

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Bean's Camp Moccasin

A new number made from brown retan leather. Has leather innersole and heel pad, corded rubber sole and arch support. Men's sizes 6 to 12, \$2.25 postpaid, boys' sizes 1 to 5 1/2, \$1.90 postpaid. Send for New Spring Catalog.

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Clean out car radiators thoroughly after draining anti-freeze. Use

Sani-Flush 10c and 25c sizes
Directions on can

If You Get Up Nights You Can't Feel Right

If you have to get up 3 or more times a night your rest is broken and it's no wonder if you feel old and run down before your time. Functional rather than organic or systemic Kidney and Bladder trouble often may be the cause of many pains and symptoms simply because the Kidneys may be tired and not working fast enough in filtering and removing irritating excess acids, poisons and wastes from your blood. So if you get up nights or suffer from burning, scanty or frequent passages, leg pains, backache, or swollen ankles, due to non-organic or non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles, why not try the prescription called Cystex? Because it has given such joyous, happy relief in so high a percentage of such cases, Cystex is sold under a guarantee of money back on return of empty package unless completely satisfactory. Cystex costs only 35c at druggists.

A LITTLE TOUCH OF HOME

(Continued from page 21)

ilies who depend upon me as a war worker to give the fullest measure of my effort to the hastening of victory."

The pledge was originated in the Post by a group who compose the Law and Order Committee, and the campaign was originated with the idea of increasing efficiency and reducing manpower loss by workers absenting themselves without cause from their work. In the picture of the committee in session, printed on page 21, are, left to right: Evan S. McCord, lawyer; Frank E. Gilman, Post Commander; Arthur A. Murphy, Western Vice President, Union Pacific Railroad; Harry Weingarten, Post Adjutant; Lawrence M. Arnold, Chairman of Board, Seattle-First National Bank; Bryce Little, Chairman of the Law and Order Committee; Chester A. Batchelor, Superior Court Judge; John C. Bowen, U. S. District Judge; Herbert D. Kimsey, Chief of Police of Seattle; and Dietrich Schmitz, President, Washington Mutual Savings Bank. Two members of the Committee, Walter B. Beals, Supreme Court Justice, and Sam J. Calderhead, President, State Savings and Loan Associations, were not present when the picture was taken.

Reunion Down Under

"PERHAPS the most interesting and unusual gathering of Legionnaires and veterans of the First World War was held on board the U. S. S. _____ (name censored) on January 6, 1943,"

writes Chief Electrician's Mate Paul A. Noe, a Past Commander of Katonah (New York) Post.

"More than thirty-five Legionnaires and veterans were present. The meeting, or get-together, was conducted in true Legion style by Past Commanders of various Posts. The purpose of the gathering was two-fold: first, to bind the spirit of comradeship that exists in The American Legion by social contact; second, to initiate an organization in the troops for bettering the morale and for mutual benefit by carrying on various activities such as athletics, educational and social gatherings.

"Among those present were T. E. Ringwood, Post 37, Poughkeepsie, New York; H. W. Simpson, Post 116, Billerica, Massachusetts; Joseph Ecker, Post 2, Manchester, New Hampshire; N. L. Marcus, Post 15, West New York, New Jersey; F. J. Cassidy, Post 530, Olean, New York; W. H. Thorn, Post 156, Palmyra, New York; Nickolas Lauria, Post 52, Jersey City, New Jersey; R. C. Comstock, Post 1001, Scotia, New York; Paul A. Noe, Post 129, Katonah, New York; Edward E. Plant, Municipal Post, San Francisco, California; G. E. Bertolini, Providence (Rhode Island) Post 1; and Mr. Wylie, ship's officer, from Red Bank, New Jersey.

"We are located on an island in the Southwest Pacific and were part of one of the longest convoys conducted by the U. S. Navy. In all, 44 days were spent on board ship."



National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C., started a canteen for service men in the spacious National Press Club building. Whoops! What a success! Above, Justices Stanley Reed and William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court of the United States (front center), relax and lead the troops in singing "God Bless America"

IT'S MUSIC TO
THEIR EARS



TO HEAR US
CIVILIANS
COMPLAIN
ABOUT OUR
"SACRIFICES"

"Pass in Review"

FIFTEEN years ago Gaston Post of Gastonia, North Carolina, began the publication of a section of the *Gastonia Daily Gazette* called "Pass in Review." The section was under the direction of Everett J. Jones, who has continued to function through all the years as reporter and editorial director. The newspaper section was devoted to news of the doings of Gaston Post and also included items of general interest to and about veterans of the first World War.

Now "Pass in Review" has grown up. It is being published as a separate and independent newspaper, carrying out an idea and an ideal of service to the men and women who are enrolled in the fighting forces from Gaston County. Tabloid size, eight pages printed on good paper stock, *Pass in Review* issued its first number on February 1st—beginning volume sixteen—and it is still under the direction of Everett J. Jones.

The new publication is just chock-full of home-town and home-county news, just the kind of personal items the men and women now on service want and appreciate. It is still a post paper, but it is aimed directly at the interests of those now in service and a copy is sent to every Gaston County resident in service. The plan of publication is an excellent one and could be adopted with far-reaching results by Legion units in other sections of the country. Comrade Jones will be glad to answer inquiries about the plan and make-up of this unique publication. *Pass in Review* is issued twice each month.

"We do not have a large list of advertisers—just one in each issue as sponsor," writes Editor Jones. "Three days after starting our canvass we lined up twelve sponsors and have more on the waiting list. These sponsors were so sold on the morale building idea that in several cases they made extra donations in order that we might produce a better paper."

Bonds

"FREDERICK Shauer Post of Selby, South Dakota, put on an open-air War Bond sale a few weeks ago," writes Post Commander Mike P. Schmidt,

Legion Posts Everywhere Are Sending This Inspiring Book to Their Men in the Service

WHEN you're sending "bundles" and packages to your men in the Army, Navy, and Marines—be sure to include a copy of this comforting, inspiring, powerful little book—*STRENGTH FOR SERVICE To God and Country*. Here is a book that men at war *want* and *need*. It is a testament of the bonds between you at home and your men on the firing line. It is a stout link between men at war and their God.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



"which included coöperatively the communities of Lowry, Akaska and Selby, with Department Commander Bill Kane as the principal speaker. He injected vitamins A to Z into the campaign, and we sold \$10,500 worth of Bonds.

"Another War Bond rally was held on February 3d in conjunction with our high school. The pupils put on a patriotic pageant, "The History of the Liberty Bell," and Brigadier General Laverne G. Saunders was the speaker. This rally netted \$22,000 in War Bond sales."

From Bursts and Duds

"**JOHN M. BERRY**, of Petros, Tennessee, little knew what he started when he wrote a brief letter to *The American Legion Magazine* a few months ago. No doubt Legionnaires the country over read his letter, as they read all things in their publication; but a Herrin Legionnaire read it with a different meaning," writes Frances Noel Crane in the *Herrin (Illinois) Daily Journal*.

"It was the address that attracted Loren Margrave's attention. Petros, Tennessee! Why, that's the town that Mac V. Williams came from! Mac was in Margrave's company in the Sixth Division in France. Margrave remembered him for a great many things, because Mac is that kind of a fellow. But particularly Margrave remembered that

Mac was the one who told the others to 'pray like hell' when they went over the top!"

It's a long story that Mrs. Crane tells. Boiled down to hard facts, Berry sent a contribution to the Bursts and Duds page which was printed in the August, 1942, number. Margrave wrote Barry to ask if he knew Mac, and if so to give his present address. Mac was located at Keith, Kentucky, and his daughter, Edna Lorena Williams, took up the detail of writing to resume the contact from the place it was broken off twenty-five years ago.

Oregon's Governor

WITHIN two days after Legionnaire Earl Snell was sworn in as the twenty-third Governor of Oregon, he appointed three distinguished Oregon Legionnaires to important posts in his cabinet. Douglas Malarkey, Past Commander of Burns Post, became his private secretary; Wilbur Henderson, Past Commander of Portland Post, was named legal adviser, and Past Department Commander Guy Cordon, a recognized authority on taxes, was chosen as tax adviser.

Governor Snell, a five-star Legionnaire, is a Past Commander of Arlington Post.

BOYD B. STUTLER



"I'm sorry—the Royal Suite is already taken! I can give you a single without bath on the third floor!"

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

AUXILIARE RUTH WADLEIGH of Monte Vista, Colorado, says that the real hero of a five-year-old lad of her acquaintance is his father, a Legionnaire and athletic coach at the local high school. "Do you know," the boy told his kindergarten companions, "all this land around here used to belong to the Indians, but my daddy fought in the World War and Monte Vista won. So it belongs to us now!"

EDWARD J. FINKE of Hempstead (New York) Post is a radio quiz fan, and gets a big kick out of some of the bulls and blunders made by some of the participants. "Who was fabled as having a face that launched a thousand ships?" asked the quiz director in a recent program.

"Henry J. Kaiser!" chirped a lady.

THE prayer of a young soldier brought a grin to Robert Wynne of Dodge County Post, Eastman, Georgia. "Oh, Lord!" prayed the soldier, "please distribute the enemy's shots like the pay—mostly among the officers!"

LEGIONNAIRE William H. Bennett of Creston, West Virginia, says that a banker and the editor of the local newspaper were discussing local affairs. Some things were not being done just right. "I'd like to run your paper for just one week!" exploded the banker.

"Now, that's something," agreed the editor. "I'd like to run your bank for just one hour!"

THERE was the recruit, writes Legionnaire Herman A. Winege of Jeffersonville, Indiana, who declared that the first thing he was going to do when he got to Tokyo was to kick Hirohito in the pants.

"Hold on, there," cautioned a comrade, "don't you know that the Mikado doesn't wear pants?"

"So what?" rejoined the rookie.

THIS one comes from Legionnaire Denzle T. Mattox, of Campbellsburg, Indiana. A youngster started to school in the middle of the term. The words "Public School" were lettered over the door, but on entering the lad saw another sign, "Gas Ration," then another "Sugar Ration," and a half dozen more. Perplexed, he went back to the door and called to a passer-by: "Say, mister, do they still teach school here?"

FR. FIENUP of St. Louis, Missouri, tells one about a constable who had not been very active in the discharge of his duties. "You've been on the force now for twelve months," lectured the police sergeant, "and never once have you brought in your man. Here's your last chance. Squire Daly just phoned that someone is stealing apples. Go tonight and catch the thief."

About midnight the waiting officer saw a man sneaking through the back of the orchard with a sack over his shoulder. He pounced on him, opened the sack and found a lot of silverware.

"H'm," he murmured apologetically. "My mistake. But you can thank your lucky stars it wasn't apples!"

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Notice of change should reach us by the 25th of second month preceding date of issue on which it is to take effect. So many thousands are received each month that they must be handled in a methodical manner.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
January 31, 1943

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 653,137.94
Accounts Receivable	100,313.24
Inventories	146,903.23
Invested funds	2,807,709.52
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	220,009.46
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	123,704.96
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	43,501.08
Deferred charges	21,586.97
	\$4,116,866.40

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 76,510.08
Funds restricted as to use.....	50,338.12
Deferred revenue	568,232.09
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	220,009.46
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$2,772,945.34
Unrestricted capital.....	428,831.31
	\$3,201,776.65
	\$4,116,866.40

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

ENTRY PORTS TOWARD VICTORY

(Continued from page 24)

as well as dogs and mules and goats and bears and other animals, with a couple of parrots and roosters to boot. Here is a recently-received mascot contribution with a somewhat different angle to it. With the snapshot that we show on page 24 came this letter from William Soodak of 1845 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York, who belongs to Brownsville Post of the Legion:

"Enclosed you will find a snapshot, taken in the A. E. F., which has a story behind it.

"While stationed in France, I was transferred from the 82d Division to Company C, 109th Signal Battalion, which was ready to leave for the States. It was stationed at Luzac, France. I was waiting to get back to good old Brooklyn, when I was placed on guard duty. That night I noticed a youngster, about eight years old, walking the streets.

"I stopped the little fellow, spoke to him and he answered in the Frog language, of which I understood very little. When I got through my tour of duty, I took the lad over to a Frenchman who spoke some English and learned that the boy wanted me to take him back to the States with me. I told him that I couldn't do it.

"After a time I learned that the kid was the son of a French lieutenant colonel who had been killed while on active

service with American troops in the Argonne sector. With the help of some officers of Company C of the 109th Signal Battalion, the boy got outfitted. Then we discovered a family in Bordeaux to whom the kid was related, and they took him from us. I did not learn his family name, but his given name was Andre.

"Now, my dear Company Clerk, I learned that the kid, during the month of October, 1926, arrived in Canada. If any of our fellow Legionnaires know the whereabouts of this now grown-up young man, I wish they would write to me. Perhaps, if he remained in Canada, he may again be on the other side of the Atlantic serving in this present war."

SHIP'S newspapers and bulletins distributed to soldier passengers on transports—those we could understand, but when Junior Vice Commander James Babicky of General John Swift Post of the Legion in Chicago—whose address is in care of Libby, McNeill & Libby, Union Stock Yards, in that city—sent us a printed menu of a luncheon he enjoyed while returning from overseas, this department, being a native Missourian, had to be shown, or told. Comrade Babicky's letter transmitting the menu, which you will find on page 24, had this to say:

"Much is being said and written about the good food that our present-day



"It's the President of the road. On account of the shortage, he turned in his private car!"

troops are getting. The inference is that we troopers of 1917-1918 never or seldom had anything like the menus of 1942-1943. But as you can see from the enclosed menu for November 9, 1918, I, for one, literally 'ate like a king' for a period of ten days.

"The Royal Mail Steamer *Melita* carried a group of ambulatory hospital

**DON'T BE A
HALF TIMER
"OLD TIMER"**



**OUR BOYS IN
SERVICE ARE
PUTTING IN
FULL TIME
ALL THE TIME**

patients from Liverpool to New York. I was one of these battle casualties. The food and privileges which were given to us were evidently a reward for the hardships which we had suffered just a few months previously. The contrast between the menus of the *Melita* and the soup we got in the front-line trenches was great indeed.

"I remember one day while our 131st Infantry was marching up to storm and take Chippilly Ridge in the Somme sector, we stopped along the road and waited for our field kitchens to come up and feed us. They were slow in arriving, so I dug up some small potatoes growing nearby, wiped the peelings off, sliced them and fried them in my messkit, using a can and candle for a stove.

"I hope the men who are doing the actual fighting today get better co-operation from their commissaries and mess sergeants than we did."

That was a good story—and there was the menu to prove it. And wasn't it natural for us to assume that the *Melita*, although a Royal Mail Steamer, was serving as a regular troop transport? So we asked. And we were told by Comrade Babicky:

"The R. M. S. *Melita* was not a troop ship. It was a Royal Mail Steamer and carried civilians in addition to the hundred, more or less, sailors and soldiers returning to hospitals here at home. We traveled first-class and I had a private cabin all to myself.

"As you can see from the date on the menu, we were in mid-ocean when the Armistice was signed. An entertainment for the benefit of sailors' orphans had been arranged for the evening of November 11th. After a few preliminary introductions and announcements, the big announcement of the Armistice was made. We all sat shocked, stunned and

surprised for what seemed to be an awfully long time, and then hell and pandemonium broke loose. Finally order was restored, and the amateur entertainers went on with the show. We sat quietly, not listening or seeing—just thinking of home and our loved ones."

It's still a good story—the supplement above explains the printed menu. And, better still, it gives an interesting account of a somewhat different celebra-

tion of the original Armistice Day in 1918—out on the high seas.

SLOWLY, but surely, we are getting some "then" and "now" items that are hooking up incidents, experiences and places that we knew in our earlier World War with the activities of our present-day men and women in uniform. There were those two snapshots—one showing a company street in Fort Bliss, Texas, in 1917, and the same street as it ap-

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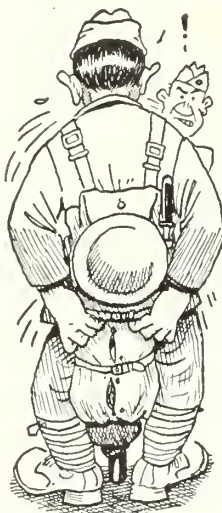


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peared last year; there were the Camp Dix vs. Fort Dix pictures in March. This issue, as you have noted, takes us back to a couple of North African ports known to veterans of our earlier fracas.

And we're not overlooking the women veterans. Soon we'll compare even pre-1917 training of women for war service with the WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, Ma-



lines and other women's organizations of today. Those 1916 uniforms on the women are honeys!

ALTHOUGH outfit reunions have grown less in number during the past year, due to transportation restrictions in our all-out war effort, some veterans' organizations are so constituted that they can gather together quite large groups of their members for periodical or annual meetings. For those outfits, it might be well to repeat—as we do every so often—that information regarding scheduled reunions must be received by The Company Clerk of "Then and Now" at least five weeks prior to the first of the month in which the reunion will be held.

Details of the following reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—All "Ivy" vets residing in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas, send name, address, outfit and grade or rank to Edw. J. Maire, natl. historian, 1170 N. Cummings St., Los Angeles, Calif., to get in touch with former buddies.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., N. Y.—N. J. Chap.—Annual Easter reunion, memorial services, and dinner, commemorating sailing of 4th Div. for A.E.F., Tough Club, 243 W. 14th St., New York City. Sat., May 15, 6 p. m. Ladies invited. Write Sgt. Jos. E. Taylor, Induction Center, Grand Central Palace, New York City.

Soc. of 5th Div.—For copy *Fifth Division History* (five dollars) and rosters of 5th Div. vets, write to Wm. Barton Bruce, natl. historian, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

30TH DIV.—Divisional history still available. Order from E. A. Murphy, % Old Hickory Publ. Co., Lepanto, Ark.

33d DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—33d vets not receiving copies 33d Div. Assoc. publication, send names and addresses to Geo. D. Radcliffe, secy., Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—77th Div. vets may purchase special Divisional World War Service Medal from Walter J. Baldwin, exec. secy., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

83d Div.—All officers and men of organized units, 1917-1919, send names and addresses to J. B. Buckley, adjt., 83d Div. Assoc., 600 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio, for roster.

89TH DIV. Soc.—For membership and news of proposed reunion, Denver, Colo., in Aug., write to Burton A. Smead, pres., 1831 S.

Downing St., Denver, or E. W. Scott, secy-treas., 2735 S. Bannock St., Inglewood, Colo. Men serving with reactivated 89th Div. at Camp Carson, Colo., invited to write also.

89TH DIV. Soc., CALIF. SECTOR—89th vets in Calif. invited to join. Regular dinner meeting third Wed. each month at Cabrillo Hotel, Los Angeles, 6:30 p. m. Soldiers of present 89th Div. visiting Los Angeles, are invited to attend. Gordon Murray, comdr., or Joe T. Woods, adjt., 5601 Harcourt Av., Los Angeles.

314TH INF. VETS., AEF—25th anniversary reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24-26. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlot Av., Philadelphia.

308TH INF., Co. I—Annual reunion dinner, Augrick's Restaurant, 257 William St., New York City, Sat., Apr. 10. J. Steinhardt, chmn., 105 E. 177th St., New York City.

308TH INF., Co. K—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sat., May 1. Simon Reiss, 200 Haven Av., New York City.

314TH INF., Co. I—Annual reunion, American Legion Home, Catasaqua, Pa., Apr. 24. Write Chas. M. Stimpson, 1670 Sheepshead Bay Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—12th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 7-8. James S. Davenport, secy-treas., Columbia, N. C.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., June 18-20. Write A. E. Ward, temp. secy., 6147 W. Patterson Av., Chicago, Ill.

25TH ENGRS.—Proposed reorganization natl. society and establishment of regional units. For particulars write Cameron K. McCormick, 2346 N. Sixth St., Harrisburg, Pa.

1ST OVERSEAS DET., RV. ENGRS., FT. BENJ. HARRISON, IND.—Proposed organization and reunion. Write M. D. Melchi, adjt., 307 State Av., Alamosa, Colo.

322d F. S. BN.—History and 1942 roster soon available for distribution. Send names and addresses to Julius Merkelbach, 1530 44th Av., San Francisco, Calif.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH. REGT., AEF—4th reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 23. Write C. R. Summers, co. clrk., 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

656TH AERO SQDRN.—For "Letter Reunion," write news of yourself and comrades to Hollis L. Townsend, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio. Copies of all letters received will be sent to men reporting.

14TH DET., AIR SERV., DAYTON, OHIO, MARINE FIELD—Proposed organization and reunion. Sam. J. Kissinger, ex-cook, RFD 2, Box 683, Joplin, Mo.

SCOTT FIELD—Proposed organization and reunion of all Scott Field air vets. Send names and addresses to Irving E. Groll, secy., 620 Bells-



worth Ct., St. Louis, Mo., or J. E. Jennings, chmn., Vets. Facility, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—For roster, report to E. J. Price, natl. adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. For organization of new regional Battalions, write to Claude J. Harris, chmn., organ. comm., 817½ W. 43d St., Los Angeles, Calif.

QMC, FORT SLOCUM, N. Y.—Proposed organization and reunion of vets of QMC, 1917-1918. M. Vernon Bendet, 87 Peck Av., Newark, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 1 (BELLEVUE UNIT), VICHY—Well-illustrated history, *Bellevue in France*, \$2.50. Dr. Anne Tjomsland, 821 Bergen Av., Jersey City, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 93—Proposed reunion and organization. Walter T. Togni, Box 372, Santa Barbara, Calif.

BASE HOSP. 101—For roster, report to Lee E. McDermott, Box 2271, Denver, Colo.

148TH AMB. Co. VETS. ASSOC.—If your name and address are not included in one of the most complete veterans organization rosters on record, write to H. J. Good, adjt., 200 Third St., Findlay, Ohio.

NATL. Otranto-Kashmir Assoc.—Annual reunion, Muscatine, Iowa, Oct. 3. A. H. Telford, secy., Galesburg, Ill.

JOHN J. NOLL,
The Company Clerk

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

Legionnaires. Four other States have one hundred percent Legion representation in the Senate—Connecticut, Illinois, Missouri and West Virginia. New York's thirteen Legionnaire Congressmen constitute the largest Legion delegation in the Lower House, Pennsylvania being next with twelve; Illinois and Ohio are tied for third place with nine. In the Senate Legionnaires constitute 29.16 percent of the membership; the percentage in the House is 34.48. In the entire voting Congress the Legion percentage is 33.5216. Legionnaire Joseph Rider Farrington sits in the Lower House as a Delegate from the Territory of Hawaii, with the right to introduce bills and take part in debates, but without the voting privilege.

FROM the letter which a medical officer on Guadalcanal sent to his wife just before he lost his life in the operation there last fall we extract the following:

"The time is rapidly approaching when I shall be actively engaged with the enemy. . . . The prospect of something actually happening is looked upon most favorably by me. I anticipate so many and diverse experiences which I am sure will tax my sense of responsibility, initiative and ability. I shall no doubt be exposed to the trials of warfare of which I have the scantiest of knowledge and which I am sure I shall handle to the best of my ability, giving to my fellow men my all in effort and consideration for themselves and for those back home whom they love.

"There will no doubt be decisions made which will hurt me to the core and which will prey upon my conscience for many days in the future, but which I am sure will have been made because frankly and sincerely I thought that decision was the best for all concerned. I hope and pray that our opposition will be scant and that our casualties will be slight, but knowing full well that we are up against a treacherous foe to whom life is just another portion of nature's make up and the destruction of which means the riddance of some obstacle that confronts them on their crooked

road to triumph over all mankind—having such an enemy to whom virtues of mankind and fair play in war is the least of their concern I am prepared for anything.

"I confess I am going into this encounter with my eyes wide open, my mental facilities clear and working as smoothly as possible and if the Lord above deems it my fortune to be spared and sent back to my loved ones, then I shall be ever thankful, but if on the other hand I shall be one of the victims of this hideous curse of humanity, then I am willing to go in my single attempt to wipe out this enemy, for I would not be happy being under the yoke of oppression. . . .

"So, my darling, I enter for the first time into the lines of battle with no more fear than I would have if I were to go under an appendectomy operation. I feel it is something that has to be done and unless accomplished would only infect more and more of the lives of people. These enemies of ours are like a boil on this earth; unless aborted at this time, they will only spread over a wide surface."

The officer was Lieut. Harold Kepnes, U. S. N. R., attached to the Marine Corps. His home was in Chelsea, Massachusetts.

WE ARE happy to use here a poem by Kenneth Parsons of Boston, Massachusetts, titled *The American Soldier Speaks*:

When we get home again
Forget the band—
Just have the things we fought for
Well in hand.

Stand guard, unceasing guard
On every trend,
To see if it be enemy
Or friend.

Oh, if you sabotage
Our sacred trust
Something deep down inside of us
Will bust.

When we get home again,
Forget the band—
Just have the things we fought for.
Understand?

THE EDITORS

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HERBERT M. STOOPS, *First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.*

ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT, *Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City.*

WILLIAM HEASLIP, *107th Infantry Post, New York City.*

HARRY BOTSFORD, *Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post.*

CLARENCE WOODBURY, *Huntington (New York) Post.*

STEWART HOLBROOK, *Seattle (Washington) Post.*

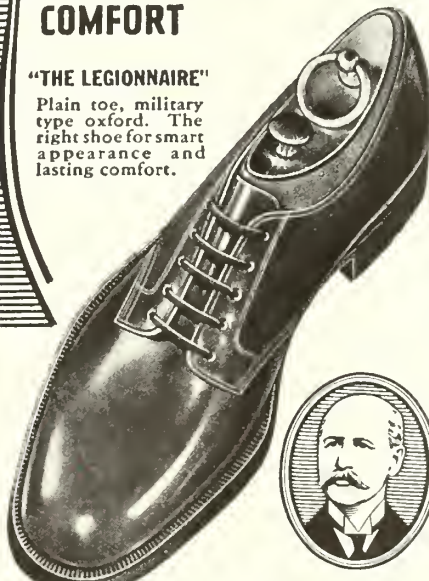
Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

W.L. DOUGLAS OFFERS

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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent scanty passages with smarting and burning some times shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ON THE HOME FRONT

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

AS THESE lines are written early in March the Allies are on the offensive, everywhere smashing at Axis-held portions of the globe, forcing a withdrawal by the Japanese and the German-Italians from territory seized during 1941 and 1942. As an article in this issue* of your magazine points out, the Nazis are preparing to accept the idea of a purely defensive warfare except on the high seas, where they are gambling that their submarines will deal an irreparable blow to our long communications lines. Hitler and Tojo hope that the advance of their enemies will be so costly in blood and treasure that the Allies will be willing to listen to overtures for a negotiated peace.

The answer to that sort of thing was given at the Casablanca Conference between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. The Allies will keep fighting until they have won by a knockout, no matter how long it takes. With a preponderance of manpower and materials at their disposal they are getting stronger as their foes get weaker, and the only question mark is the precise date on which the Axis will fold up.

Management and labor in this country must co-operate to get the production lines working ever more efficiently as the weeks go by. No "war millionaires" this time; wherever cost-plus has entered into contracts the Government must take measures to skim back into the United States Treasury all profits beyond a fair return on the invested capital. Labor unions must keep on the alert to see that their members do not practice absenteeism or slowdowns. There should be an absolute ban on strikes until the victory has been won, since the Government has set up the machinery for adjudication of differences.

* See page 6, *Germany Behind Pillboxes*.

Some labor unions have shown resentment at Eddie Rickenbacker's statements about the failure of the home front to match the job being done by our men on the firing line. But "what shall it profit a man" if he wins social gains that are purely theoretical because his insistence on them causes the loss of his country's freedom? The social conflict in France which led to that nation's helplessness in the face of the enemy should serve as a warning to all our people that only through national unity in the will to win can we get through this war and keep our freedom. Management and labor must remember their duty to the nation.

A wartime strike is a blow for the Axis, whether management or labor, or both, is to blame. The Government will operate the plant if the industrialist refuses to play ball; it can't impose its will quite so easily on the body of workers. But the workers would do well to yield to its authority, for the union which *in wartime* flouts the Government of the United States puts itself in the position in which the Boston police found themselves back in 1919, when *in peacetime* they flouted the authority of the City of Boston and the State of Massachusetts. The older men in labor unions remember how disastrous to unionism was that strike.

No group in our civilian life, whether it be a political party, a Congressional committee, a town, county or state government, a Legion Post, a labor union or an industrial concern can afford to be found wanting when the service men come back from the war and the light of pitiless publicity is turned upon the 1943 home front. Let each of us make certain that his every action in these trying days is consistent with "a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation."



FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

- to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America;
- to maintain law and order;
- to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism;
- to preserve the memories and incidents

- of our association in the Great War;
- to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation;
- to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses;
- to make right the master of might;
- to promote peace and good will on earth;

- to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy;
- to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

—Preamble to the Constitution
of The American Legion

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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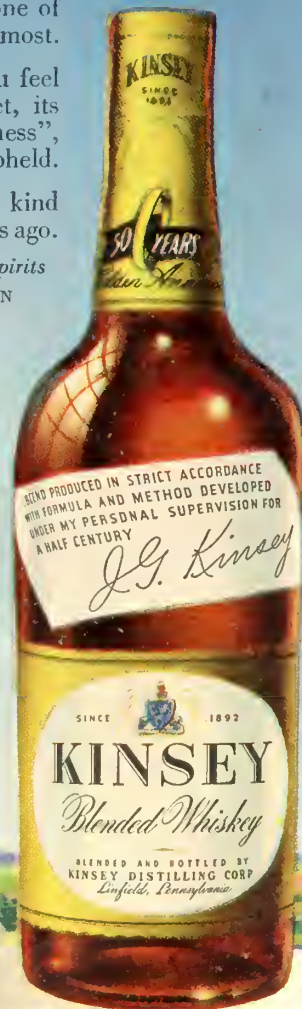
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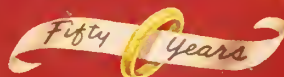


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Try Camels yourself—you'll find they give you smoking pleasure that *holds up*.

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